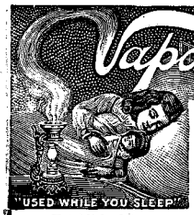

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ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Formative Types in English Poetry. By George Herbert Palmer. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Studies in Literature. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

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German Myth (The): The Falsity of Germany's Social Progress Claims. By Gustavus Myers. Boni & Liveright, New York. $1.

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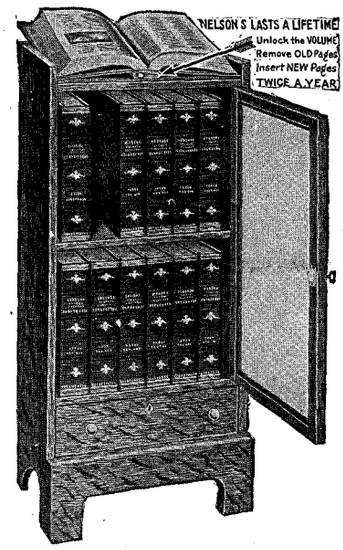

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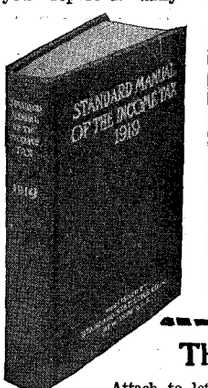

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The Outlook

JANUARY 29, 1919

THE PEACE CONFERENCE BEGINS

THE formal opening of that world's congress the sessions of which will have the widest and most vital import of any international assembly of modern times took place on the afternoon of January 18 in the vast hall of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Paris. From this building the delegates saw stretch one of the most beautiful of the vistas of Paris; across the Quai d'Orsay, on the left bank of the Seine, one's eye followed the line of the bridge across the river, through the historic Place de la Concorde, through the Rue Royale, and on to the noble edifice of the Madeleine, in the distance.

The dignity of this opening session was well maintained. It was the formal organization meeting; but the actual business of the Peace Conference involved on this day the expression by national leaders of the purpose of the congress. Justice, security, reparation—these were the things which came to the front, and with them was the clear note of ultimate authority on the part of the peoples of the nations rather than the diplomats.

These essentials were emphasized by President Poincaré in opening the assembly; by M. Clemenceau, Prime Minister of France, in accepting the permanent chairmanship; by President Wilson in his speech proposing Clemenceau for that office; and by Lloyd George, Prime Minister of Great Britain. Very striking was Clemenceau's remark: "The League of Nations is here. It is yourselves. It is for you to make it live, and to make it live we must have it really in our hearts."

The courteous compliments which passed between the distinguished speakers were based on mutual respect and also on mutual confidence. Said Clemenceau: "We have come together as friends, we must leave this hall as friends." And nothing could have been higher in praise of President Wilson or finer as a definition of the aims of the Conference than Clemenceau's remark: "The programme of this Conference has been laid down by President Wilson. It is no longer the peace of a more or less vast territory, no longer the peace of continents; it is the peace of nations that is to be made. This programme is sufficient in itself. There is no superfluous word. Let us try to act swiftly and well."

An impression was made by things said at the opening session that the question of a League of Nations was to take precedence. This led to some expression of feeling that quick action to secure the real peace of Europe, now broken by "little wars" and by threats of war, is the first thing needed, and that the inevitably long debates on the League of Nations should give way to concrete and specific matters of instant importance. But later it became evident that the Peace Conference did not propose to lay other matters aside, but to formulate and agree upon certain general principles and limitations as to the League, and meanwhile to proceed with other things. As we write, for instance, the condition of Russia is under discussion.

The working organization of the Conference is simple and practical: Each of the five great belligerent Powers (Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy, and Japan) is to have five delegates. These twenty-five delegates form a council which will deal with all matters. But twenty-three minor belligerent countries (five of which are the British Dominions and India) and four nations which have merely broken relations with the enemy are to have each a fixed number of delegates. Any one of these nations which has at stake a particular interest as opposed to a general interest will be represented by its delegates in council with the great Powers whenever a question concerning that minor nation is taken up.

This plan combines the advantage of a single workable body to decide matters, together with fair representation to all the smaller countries whenever their individual interests are at stake.

GERMANY: A CONSERVATIVE REPUBLIC

Throughout Germany on Sunday, January 19, elections were held to choose delegates for a National Assembly. The method was practically that of universal suffrage, including woman suffrage, and a very large number of women actually voted. The returns are far from being complete as we write, but there is little doubt that the Majority Socialists will have so much larger a representation than any other party or probable combination of parties that they will be in actual control. This is the party which Ebert and a majority of his so-called Cabinet controls. The Majority Socialists throughout the war were subservient supporters of the Imperial Government; while in theory they are opposed to autocratic government, they have made no denunciation of the origin or conduct of the war. The Independent Socialists, on the contrary, went as far as they dared in opposition, and would have combined with the Revolutionary Socialists, led by Liebknecht, if the latter faction had not become excessive in its acts and tendencies. Apparently the Independent Socialists polled a small vote in the elections. Of the other parties which were most prominent in this election, the Centrists are the old Clerical party; in it both Protestants and Catholics are now members; the German Democrats are the old Liberals; and the People's party, despite the name, is ultra-conservative and in large part Pan-German.

With the meeting of the National Assembly there will at least be in Germany a recognized mouthpiece for the German people. The ultimate difficulty is that until the German people itself has a radical change of heart there is not strong hope for true self-government in Germany. The people are responsible for the war because they never were willing to take responsibility. They left everything (and especially international matters) to a tightly drawn circle of men who stood for various autocratic ideas—military, aristocratic, expansionist, or world dominion.

If in this country, when we shall have reached the Presidential election of 1920, we were to read in the newspapers the morning after election a despatch which stated that "the entire apparatus of the Government was set in motion for the Democratic [or Republican] campaign," what should we think of the character of that election? But in a despatch from Berlin in American newspapers the day after the German election appears this sentence: "The entire apparatus of the Government was set in motion for the Majority Socialist campaign, which was easily the most effective of any carried on for to-day's historic election of members of the National Assembly."

Effective no doubt it was! The Majority Socialists are said to have distributed thirty million circulars and to have covered Berlin's walls with posters. But more efficient than their political campaign was the belief among the German voters that through this agency and this political faction there would be the least danger of getting too far away from the old much-loved quiet and comfort of

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government from above and not from within.

GERMANY: THE END OF THE REVOLUTION

By the rifles of soldiers and through the bloodthirstiness of a savage mob the revolution so far as Berlin is concerned has been wiped out of existence. In some other cities the Reds are sporadically making outbreaks, but probably the danger of revolution through violence is at an end. It is always to be remembered that the only despatches from Berlin come to us under the supervision of the Ebert Government. If there has been any authorized statement by Liebknecht or others as to the purpose of their revolt, we have not seen it. That the revolution was so extreme in its radicalism as to mean more than the overthrow of the present Government is certain; that it was linked up with Russian Bolshevism is asserted; that Liebknecht himself was not originally Bolshevik, but Socialist, in his ideas we know.

The right course for radical democrats and Socialists who disbelieve in the factions in power in Germany is now to work through argument and legitimate political agitation. If the National Assembly proves to be of the "standpat" order, it can in time be replaced or improved. If there is to be a revolution in Germany, it must be one of purpose and intention, not of street fighting.

The leaders of the revolution, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg, were ruthlessly killed. The death of Rosa Luxembourg was a horrible slaughter, too sickening in its details to describe. It was accomplished by a mob of counter-revolutionists—some say countenanced, if not incited, by the police. Liebknecht was taken by officers in an automobile to the great park known as the Thiergarten. It is said that he was asked to dismount because of an accident to the machine, that he tried to escape, and that he was shot while doing it. Of course, if the facts are as stated, his captors had a right to shoot him. Other reports, however, assert that the story of the attempted escape is false and that Liebknecht was simply murdered. It may be pointed out that Mexico has long had the almost admitted practice of executing prisoners in cold blood and reporting that they were killed while trying to escape. The doubters as to the legality of Liebknecht's death think that the Mexican method was followed. It is doubtful whether exact knowledge will ever be had.

JUSTICE TO THE KAISER

The American press of January 20 published what purports to be an abstract of an official report submitted to M. Clemenceau by two eminent French jurists on the penal responsibility of the German Emperor. According to this report, the jurists hold, we think justly, that the Kaiser should not be tried before a local tribunal—as, for example, before a German court and under German law—nor before The Hague, because that was not framed for the purpose of trying a criminal case. He must be tried, if at all, before a special international tribunal called into existence for the purpose. The most significant and appalling feature of this report is its quotation from what is said to have been a letter from the ex-Emperor to the Emperor of Austria in the early days of the war, containing the following words:

> My soul is torn asunder, but everything must be put to fire and blood. The throats of men and women, children and the aged, must be cut, and not a tree nor a house left standing. With such methods of terror, which alone can strike so degenerate a people as the French, the war will finish before two months, while, if I use humanitarian methods, it may prolong for years. Despite all my repugnance, I have had to choose the first system.

It would seem incredible that the Emperor should ever have written such a letter as this were it not for the well-established historical fact that in his address to the soldiers sent out to China in 1900 he gave them directions scarcely less brutal. We shall wait to see whether this apparently well-authenticated summary of the French report is modified or denied by future intelligence.

Meanwhile it is enough to say here that if this charge is brought by competent authority against the Kaiser there are only two possible defenses which the law or the public could recognize: the first, that the letter is a forgery; the second, that he is and was insane. If he wrote the letter and was of sound mind, he should suffer the penalty to which the laws of all civilized nations, with practical unanimity, subject such a criminal. "Modern law," say the French jurists, "does not recognize irresponsible authorities, even at the summit of hierarchy. It brings a state down from its pedestal and makes it submit to the rule of the judge."

SALVATION BY FOOD

The Food Commissioners of America, England, France, and Italy have formed themselves into a Supreme Council of Supply and Relief in Europe. Americans will be proud to know that Mr. Herbert Hoover has been made Director-General. He will assume this position in addition to his duties as American Food Administrator. The purposes of the Council are to investigate the requirements for relief in Europe, to determine a policy of supply, and to decide on particular measures to be taken for its execution.

The first measure to be adopted, as far as this country is concerned, has followed a recommendation to the President by Mr. Hoover. He discloses alarming conditions. As to bread, the supply in Rumania will last only three weeks more; in Poland and the Baltic States there is bread for but a short time beyond that period; in Finland the supply is exhausted in the cities; in many Jugoslav towns the bread ration is only three or four ounces, while in Armenia and northern Russia the peoples are face to face with actual starvation. As to milk, fats, and meat, in all these regions the supply is so short that general health has been impaired to a ghastly degree; there is appalling mortality everywhere, especially among children. Finally, there is the increasing menace of the continual spread of Bolshevism.

Mr. Henry White, the Republican member of the American Peace Delegation at Paris, says in a cabled warning to Congress: "Bolshevism thrives only on starvation and discord." He adds: "I consider it, therefore, of the utmost importance that the President's request for a hundred-million-dollar appropriation for relief be granted at once."

In making this request President Wilson telegraphed as follows:

> Bolshevism . . . can be stopped by food. . . . I do not see how we can find definite Powers with whom to conclude peace unless this means of stemming the tide of anarchism be employed. . . .
>
> Foodstuffs must be placed in certain localities within the next fifteen to thirty days if human life and order are to be preserved. . . .
>
> While the Secretary of the Treasury can accept obligations of certain Governments, and through these measures their situations can be cared for temporarily, there are still other areas through eastern and southern Europe where such arrangements cannot be made. This applies more particularly to the liberated peoples of Austria, Turkey, Poland, and western Russia. . . .
>
> The minimum sums upon which this work can be carried out for the next six months in the countries above mentioned will amount to at least $100,000,000 for such services and supplies as we can render.
>
> The money will not be spent for food for Germany.

A bill appropriating $100,000,000 for food relief in Europe and the Near East has already passed the House of Representatives, and has been favorably reported in the Senate.

CHANGES IN GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS

The "staying qualities" of the members of President Wilson's Cabinet have often been noted. The changes have been few. The first occurred when Mr. McReynolds left the Attorney-General-

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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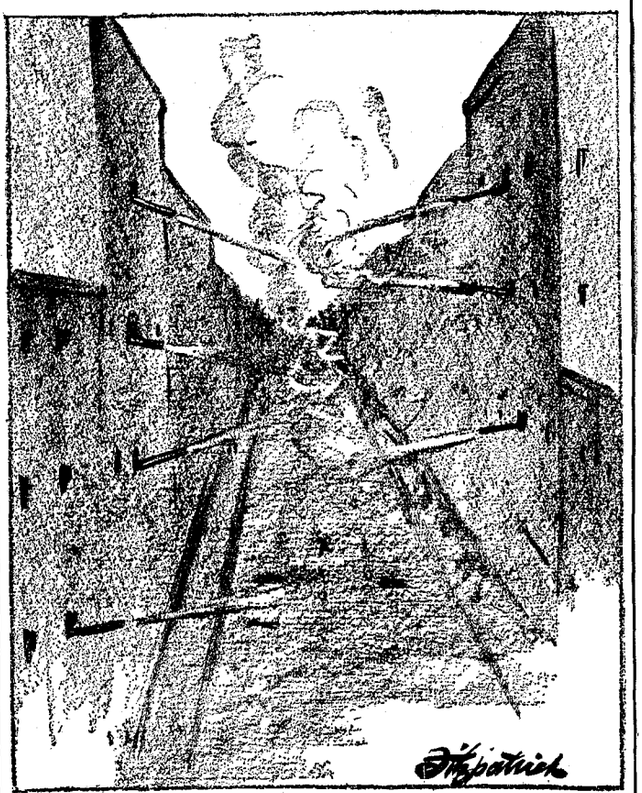
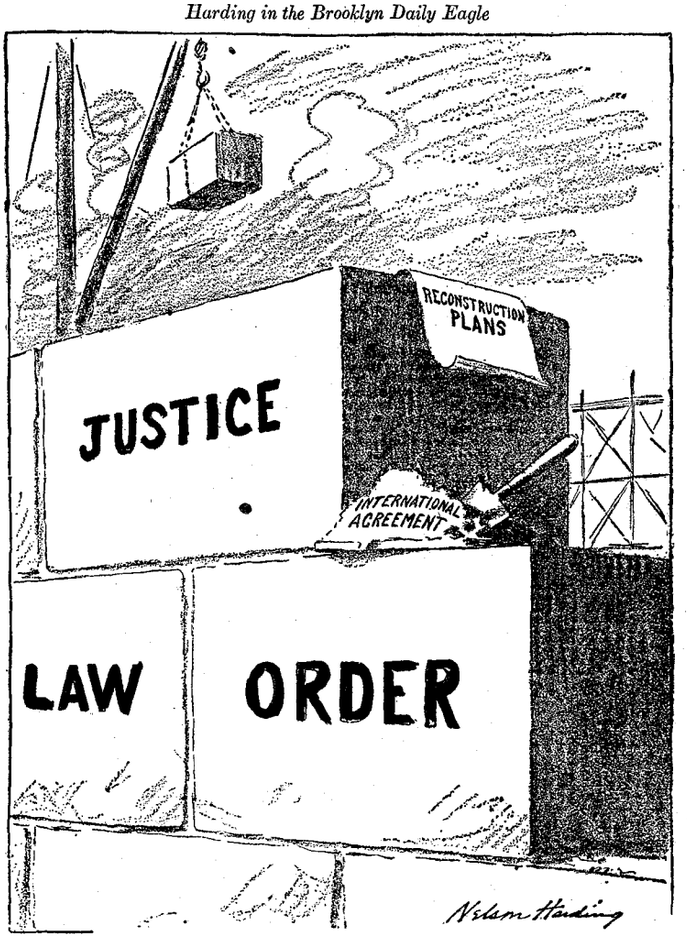
HOLDING OUT!

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



MITTEL BERLIN

Harding in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle



THE FOUNDATIONS OF PEACE

Williams in London Opinion

He: "I've brought a lot of souvenirs home, dear. Would you like a German helmet?"
She: "A German helmet would be very nice, but I'd rather have a French hat."

Newbould in the Passing Show (London)

"You stay here, mummy, as a witness. Last Christmas I prayed for a pistol and I got a prayer-book!"

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ship to accept an Associate Justiceship in the Supreme Court. He was succeeded by Thomas Watt Gregory. The second occurred when Mr. Bryan resigned the Secretaryship of State, and was succeeded by Robert Lansing. The third occurred when Lindley M. Garrison resigned the Secretaryship of War, and was succeeded by Newton D. Baker. The fourth took place when William G. McAdoo resigned the Secretaryship of the Treasury, and was succeeded by Carter Glass. The fifth occurred on January 9, 1919, when Mr. Gregory resigned as Attorney-General. Prior to his term of office he had been a special Assistant Attorney-General. It has been not quite six years since he became connected with the Wilson Administration. During no other six years in our history, so far as we know, have so many great problems been presented and solved. At the beginning of the war Mr. Gregory's office was the target for many criticisms as to delay, but during the later years of the war those criticisms ceased almost entirely. Mr. Gregory's reason for resigning, like Mr. McAdoo's, is found in the pecuniary responsibilities which rest upon him.

The other important change among Government officials is that of the promotion of Walker Downer Hines, Assistant Director-General of Railroads, to be Director-General in succession to Mr. McAdoo. The change was received by railway people with some reserve. Most of them disapproved of Mr. Hines's espousal of Mr. McAdoo's proposal to extend the period of Federal control to five years for the purpose of "experimentation." Those, however, who favored this plan are glad that Mr. Hines has succeeded to the office of his former chief. Throughout the country there is satisfaction that President Wilson has appointed to a position of immense responsibllity one who has already shown himself a practical railway man. Mr. Hines (whose portrait, as well as that of Mr. Gregory, appears on another page) has been such for many years, first acting as an attorney for and then as First Vice-President of the Louisville and Nashville system, and then becoming general counsel and later chairman of the Board of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway. He is the author of many pamphlets and articles on railway problems, especially those connected with Governmental regulation.

ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROGRAMME

In this country, as well as in England, the labor unions will play an important part in the industrial reconstruction to follow the war. All the more because organized labor in America does not work for its aims through a political party it is right to consider carefully its own exposition of those aims. It is true that a movement is now on foot—not the first or the second movement of this kind—to organize in America a Labor party which should be precisely like any other political party in its methods. This is what exists in Great Britain; but the failure of the Labor party there to obtain anything like the indorsement it expected at the recent elections is not particularly encouraging to the proposal here. What really stands most in the way of making labor unions into a political party is the long-continued opposition of Mr. Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor. It is said that lately a large number of union men have signed an agreement to form a Labor party, but unless a wider demand exists than now appears the movement will fail.

Labor has just officially stated its position to Congress and the people through a report of the Committee on Reconstruction of the American Federation of Labor addressed to the Committee on Labor and Education of the United States Senate. This is a formidable document—the text fills a large newspaper page. It includes repetition, which need not be summarized here, of the position of the Federation on such industrial questions as child labor, women as wage-earners, unemployment, co-operation, immigration, workmen's compensation, and many other topics. In many ways the position of the American Federation is practically the position of all liberal-minded workers for reform. One wishes, however, that the American Federation of Labor would occasionally say a fervent word of sympathy for the consumer as a consumer and also for the workingmen who are not organized, millions of whom cannot be organized—salesmen in shops, for instance, or day laborers. Unions always deal with the question of non-organized labor by saying that it ought to organize, which is simply begging the question.

WHAT THE FEDERATION WANTS

What does the American Federation think should be done practically now? It holds that "non-employment is due to under-consumption," a not entirely complete economic statement. The sustaining of wages is therefore the primary preventive in the view of the Federation. The consumer wants low prices; the union prefers high prices and high wages, not unnaturally, because wages go up more slowly than prices and come down faster.

Democracy in industry is desired by the Federation, and we heartily concur; Government ownership is prescribed for public and semi-public utilities; land ownership should be regulated with a graduated and increasing tax; Federal and State regulation of corporations should, it is argued, be greatly increased, and corporations should be licensed by the United States in order to carry on business between the States.

Some of the measures proposed are certainly drastic. For instance, the Federation would have immigration to this country absolutely prohibited for two years after peace has been declared; it would abolish private employment agencies; it would have the Nation build model homes for workers and establish a system of credits. As to returned soldiers, the Federation's proposal is far-reaching. It not only says that the Nation must assist soldiers in securing employment; but it declares that the soldier should receive his regular pay as a soldier for twelve months after his release from the Army if within that time employment is not provided for him, while transportation and meals should meanwhile be supplied to him. To anything like militarism or a large standing army the Federation is flatly opposed. It would give organized labor an active part in deciding the terms of world peace.

There is nothing in the programme to indicate any sympathy with State Socialism and none with the destructive policies of the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. Whatever one may think of the wisdom or the practicability of these proposals, none of them is destructive in purpose.

Organized labor, largely through Mr. Gompers's influence, has rendered valuable and patriotic service in the industrial activity which as surely, if not as directly, as the military activity has made it possible to win the war.

The Federation is opposed to autocracy everywhere and in everything. No passage has a finer ring in this labor programme than that which deals with the menace of autocracy:

> It has caused a world-wide determination to overthrow and eradicate all autocratic institutions, so that a full measure of freedom and justice can be established between man and man and nation and nation.
>
> It has awakened more fully the consciousness that the principles of democracy should regulate the relationship of men in all their activities.
>
> It has opened the doors of opportunity through which more sound and progressive policies may enter.
>
> New conceptions of human liberty, justice, and opportunity are to be applied.

A NEGRO MISSIONARY'S WORK A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Just a century ago John Stewart, a Negro from Powhatan County, Virginia, started a missionary work. He had been, it

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appears, "a careless sinner," but was finally converted by the Methodists. This was the more remarkable because, as his biographer says, "he had imbibed strong prejudices against the Methodists."

Though he feared he would be killed by the first Indians he should meet, he felt moved to travel to the Northwest. Reaching the Sandusky River, he encountered an Indian tribe that, to his surprise, showed him every hospitality, and, while they could not understand a word he said, would sit for hours at a time listening to his singing of hymns.

Stewart pushed on farther to the Northwest, and arrived at the abode of another black man, Jonathan Pointer, who in his youth had been taken prisoner by the Wyandottes and had learned to speak their language. Using him as an interpreter, Stewart was able to make a success of the first Methodist missionary enterprise.

In the century that has intervened the missionary efforts of this Church have extended so that they now encircle the globe. The centenary is to be celebrated by a "drive" for no less than $85,000,000, this huge sum to be paid over in a period of five years, and to be used to finance the missionary and war reconstruction work of the Church at home and abroad.

Popular conception of denominational missionary work is narrow. More than mere "conversion" is necessary to broad-gauge missionary effort. Schools, hospitals, colleges, as well as churches, are now recognized as not only a legitimate, but an integral, part of any missionary enterprise. The aim of Methodist missions is a striving, not only for a higher spiritual life, but for better health, better social conditions, better education, better morals as well, the whole making the diviner man.

THE GERMAN RIDDLE

IN the "Atlantic Monthly" for October, 1914, appeared an article by Kuno Francke, of the German Department of Harvard University. An estimate of the German temperament by a German, it affords a clue to the strange behavior of the German people. Kuno Francke says:

> In contradiction to this fundamental American trait of self-possession I designate the passion for self-surrender as perhaps the most significant expression of national German character. . . . He loves to surrender to feelings, to hysterias of all sorts; he loves to merge himself in vague and formless imaginings, in extravagant and reckless experience, in what he likes to call living himself out. . . . No one is more prone to forget his better self in this so-called living himself out than the German.

The American admires self-control; the German desires self-expression. The American wishes to govern himself; the German wishes to be governed. The American demands the right to take care of himself; the German likes to be taken care of.

And under the Hohenzollerns he was fairly well taken care of. He knew not the starvation which the French peasants knew under the Bourbons. He knew not the Siberian exile which the Russian liberals knew under the Czar. He had scientific forestry, good roads, well-managed railways, clean cities, efficient police, assured though small wages, pensions for his old age. And he could vote. It is true that the Reichstag which he elected was without political power and was sometimes contemptuously called a "Hall of Echoes." But he did not want political power either for himself or for his representatives. All he wanted was self-expression. And the Reichstag gave him self-expression. He read the speeches of his representatives, and was satisfied.

Satisfied? Yes. More than satisfied. He was proud—proud of his good roads, and his Government railways, and his drilled and ordered forests, and his clean cities, and his efficient police, and his assured wages and his old-age pensions, and, above all, proud of his Kaiser, to whom he gave the credit for all the glory of his Fatherland. He could not define his pride as well as Professor Münsterberg has defined it for him in the following sentences:

> A president is the product of parties; his real strength lies in the fact that the will of a majority has selected him and has empowered him. The whole meaning of a true king lies in the fact that his strength is not the result of the struggling wills of individuals. He symbolizes the state as a unit and not as a mere sum of individual persons. . . .
>
> Have those who speculate on the German republic ever considered that this type of monarchical feelings, with its tremendous and incomparable idealistic value, holds not only an Emperor at the top of the Empire, but kings and grand dukes in every German state?

No. Americans have not. And that is the reason why Americans cannot understand the present condition of Germany.

Have you ever, reader, known a boy brought up in a well-ordered home, where he was under absolute authority, where his hours, his meals, his studies, his work, his sports, were all determined for him by minute regulations, where all anxieties were kept from him, all burdens taken from him, all questions solved for him? Have you seen him, through a sudden overthrow of the family by disaster, left utterly unprepared to take care of himself, thrown on his own resources when he had no resources, left to the guidance of his own judgment when he had no judgment, and to the control of his own will when no will had ever been developed in him?

That is what has happened to the German people. "Be ye not," said the wise man, "as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle." The German people have been for a century trained to the bit and the bridle. And now that the bit and the bridle are gone they surrender themselves to "feelings, to hysterias of all sorts," to "vague and formless imaginings," to "extravagant and reckless experience."

When the rumor reached America that an armistice had been declared, the shops and warehouses in upper New York City gave, by a kind of common consent, a holiday to their employees, and presently Fifth Avenue was filled with a crowd of boys and girls let loose to indulge in self-expression. They so crowded the avenue that all traffic through it was stopped, and traffic across it was managed with difficulty. The crowd laughed and shouted and sang and danced and rang bells and blew tin horns and trumpets. It was a joyous and good-natured pandemonium. And one policeman said to a bystander: "This is a good-natured crowd and we can control it. If it were an ugly crowd, we should be powerless."

In Berlin it is an ugly crowd, disappointed, humiliated, angered beyond all power of self-control, even if it had been habituated to self-control. And it has not been habituated to self-control; it has been habituated to self-expression.

So long as the German people were well taken care of by their Government they were more than submissive, they were enthusiastically obedient. But for the last four years they have not been well taken care of. Their sons and husbands have been carried off to the war; some of them are in their graves, some of them are prisoners in foreign lands, some have returned maimed, handicapped, invalided, some of them are still in the ranks demoralized by defeat. Their country is bankrupt, their Government has collapsed, their Kaiser has fled. Their hopes of empire are dead. They find themselves cheated, impoverished, humiliated. They have been defeated by the French whom they despised, the English whom they hated, the Americans on whom they looked with self-complacent contempt. They are mortally wounded in the most sensitive part of their nature—their self-esteem. Theirs is the hysteria of anger. Their self-expression is the self-expression of a bitter wrath. They want to hurt somebody, and in the wildness of the hour they are careless whom they hurt.

The one leader who throughout the past four years showed consistent courage was Karl Liebknecht, now dead, a victim of the anarchy which he him-

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self fomented. In December, 1914, he voted in the Reichstag against the appropriations for the war, and on the floor protested "against those who are responsible for it and who have caused it, against those who direct it, against the capitalist purposes for which it is used." From that time on, in season and out of season, on occasions which public events made for him and on occasions which he made for himself, he repeated with increasing energy that protest. With a courage which should have inspired a better response from the people, he attempted to turn against the enemies of liberty at home the passionate hate which their leaders had stirred up against the enemies of autocracy abroad. Three sentences from his typical May Day manifesto (1916) interpret his aim and his spirit:

> Our enemy is not the English, French, nor Russian people, but the great German landed proprietors, the German capitalists and their executive committees. Forward, let us fight the Government, let us fight these enemies of all freedom. Let us fight for everything which means the future triumph of the working classes, the future of humanity and civilization.

But, unhappily, Liebknecht's courage was greater than his wisdom. He could read the signs of the times in 1914, but he could not read them in 1918. "There is a time to break down and a time to build up." The defeat of the Imperial army had broken down the Imperial Government. If the radical leader had been a statesman, he would have endeavored to organize and guide a movement "to build up." When there is steam in the boiler, to go on feeding the fire is to threaten an explosion; the wise man restrains the steam and directs it into effective channels. Liebknecht continued to feed the fires. It is doubtful whether any faction in Germany understands the meaning of the phrase, "the law of liberty." But there is no hope for ordered freedom through anarchy, which always leads back to despotism. There is hope for ordered freedom in a government, however imperfect it is, which looks towards law, order, and a larger freedom than Germany has ever known in the past. There is little reason to apprehend that the Ebert Government will intentionally play into the hands of the Hohenzollerns. The danger of a recrudescence of imperialism comes from another quarter.

It is reported that Hindenburg has a remnant of a million troops saved from the defeated forces of Imperial Germany. Is this an army of soldiers loyal to their Fatherland, or is it an unchanged weapon in the hands of the old order, or is it a mob demoralized by Bolshevikism? Is Hindenburg a patriot who will use his powers for an ordered freedom, or is he a militarist who will use it for the old order minus the Kaiser, or is he a Bonaparte who is ambitious to build up a new imperialism on the ruins of the old? No one can tell. Perhaps he himself cannot now tell. But the mere report of such a force under such a leader is disquieting.

Meanwhile at this writing the press correspondents report two facts which inspire some hope of a free Germany: The Ebert (Provisional) Government, it is reported, has prepared a draft of a new Constitution which will be submitted to the anticipated National Convention in February and which provides for a federal republic composed of fifteen states. Is this the old autocratic spirit disguised in a new body, or is it a real endeavor to create a true federation of states possessing local self-government and based on equal suffrage. If it means a real federation, it means at least some aspiration for local self-government.

It is also reported that a union of Roman Catholics and Protestants in a common political party is under consideration. Americans are constitutionally averse to ecclesiastical political parties. They will remember that in the past history of Germany the Roman Catholic Church has recognized no higher authority than the Vatican, and the state Protestant Church no higher authority than the state. Remembering this, it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that the avowed object of this union may not be its real object; that its purpose may be to restore the old ecclesiastical and political autocracy. If not, if its aim is to maintain in the new Germany order based on those laws of social and political morality which are recognized alike by Roman Catholics and Protestants, it may presage in the future history of the German nation what has been painfully absent in the past, the application of the Christian conscience of the awakened nation to her public men and her public measures.

If the reader should say that this article, with its hopes and fears, leaves the German riddle still unsolved, our answer is: To-day we can but define the terms of the riddle. Only the future can solve it.

PROHIBITION

THE ratification of the Prohibition Amendment to the United States Constitution by thirty-nine States indicates a definite change in the temper and purpose of the American people—that they are willing to surrender something of personal liberty for the sake of accomplishing National well-being.

It is true that there has been no popular vote on this amendment; it has been submitted to and carried by the Legislatures of the several States. But it would not have been carried by the Legislatures of the several States if there had not been a widespread, positive, and intense popular conviction demanding its passage. There was no organized financial interest supporting it. There was a very strong and highly organized financial interest opposing it. Nothing could have overcome that opposition except a popular sentiment too strong for the representatives of the people to disregard.

Nor was that popular sentiment a sudden impulse. It was widened and intensified, but it was not created, by the war. Beginning over a century ago, nearly contemporaneously in England and America, the campaign against the common use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage has been growing both in extent and intensity for a hundred years. The public sentiment against such use has been promoted by the investigations of social students; by the studies of scientists in physiology and hygiene; by the apparently insuperable obstacles to any effective regulation; by the general elevation of moral standards and moral ideals; by the increasing sense of the degradation of drunkenness; and, perhaps most of all, by the often lawless and unscrupulous opposition of the liquor traffic, which, with some honorable exceptions, generally refused to consider at all the economic or moral interests of the community. To these must be added the absolute necessity of self-control in a time of war, and, in this country, the special peril to the community in those regions of the South where the dangers involved in race conflict were terribly aggravated by the free use of alcoholic liquors.

Light wines and light beers are still believed by many to be innocent and even beneficial beverages, but no one thinks them necessary articles of diet, like milk and water, required for the best sustenance of life; and the evils of the excessive use of alcoholic drinks are enormous. They impoverish the purse, impair the health, degenerate the mind, deteriorate the morals, and are a prolific cause of poverty, disease, insanity, and crime. Those who believe that beer and light wine are a harmless and pleasant addition to life may well be willing to give up that addition if by so doing they can put an end to the tragedy of drink.

To this conclusion the American people have been brought. Prohibition is something more than a law imposed upon the few by the many. It is a resolve of National self-control. It is a great people adopting total abstinence in order to save the few from the evils which for lack of self-control they are bringing upon themselves and upon the community.

This Constitutional Amendment is printed in full on another page in this issue. It will not of itself put an end to

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the drink traffic in the United States. The Constitution does not and cannot enforce itself. Either Congress, or the Legislatures of the several States, or perhaps as a last resort the courts, must decide what are intoxicating liquors. And then either Congress, or the Legislatures of the several States, or the two acting together, must pass such legislation as will make the Constitutional provision effective. The reader will observe that the Amendment to the Constitution does not *require* Congress and the several States to enforce this Article; it only confers upon them concurrent power so to do. But it is clearly their duty to exercise this power. The will of the people has been made clear; and those who do not approve that will should unite with those who enthusiastically approve it in an endeavor to secure its enforcement.

The history of anti-liquor legislation in the past indicates that there are two dangers in the present: one, of legislation purposely made so loose that it will be ineffective; the other, of legislation made so drastic that it will be incapable of enforcement. The remedy for both these evils is an honest endeavor by thoughtful and intelligent men and women to frame a method of legislation that will enforce the public opinion which has secured the passage of this Amendment. The objection to the policy of universal prohibition which has had the greatest effect in this country has been the love of individual liberty. The legislation for the enforcement of this provision should be framed in such a way as to antagonize this love of individual liberty as little as possible, while making the prohibition actual and efficient.

THE CUSSEDNESS OF HENS

THE Happy Eremite had thought that he knew all the perversities of hen nature. He was mistaken.

Most men know hens from one or two angles only. They know them as roast "spring chicken" in restaurants and as chicken fricassee at home; they know them as pestiferous nuisances on the public highways, with bewildering and always totally unexpected reactions to the cry of a motor horn; they know them as strident voices invading, shortly after midnight, the slumbers of the tired city man who has fled to the country for quiet. A deeper knowledge they do not possess.

They do not know, for instance, what the Happy Eremite knows to his sorrow, that of all gourmands in creation the hen outstrips all four-footed competitors, and that of all "parasitic females" she is the most prodigal of other people's money. They do not know, as the Happy Eremite knows, that the hen has a mind, and indeed one of devilish ingenuity, in making others work for her benefit. The Happy Eremite once had in his scratching-shed a so-called "self-feeder" with a wire imitation of a corn-cob filled with corn which the hens pecked at, releasing at each peck a few grains of scratch-feed from the container above. This strange contrivance had bewildered the hens for a time, even the wisest of them. Most of them never attempted to solve the mystery. Like human beings, they accepted the golden shower without asking whence it came. But a few studied it, as a politician might study the operation of a self-feeding direct primary, to see where, in the workings of it, he might, without exertion, draw profit from it for himself. They solved the mystery promptly. Thereupon the wise hens pecked no more at the unsatisfactory wire cob. They let other hens do that, devoting their energies altogether to picking up the dozen or so scattered grains before the hens which had done the work had time to seek their reward. Now and then the feathered grafters chose a rooster for their victim; but generally they selected other hens, having no mercy on their own sex.

The Happy Eremite had kept hens for upward of five years, hundreds of them, quartering them luxuriously, according to science and the poultry editors, in a splendid palace with a cement floor and a covered scratching-shed and a yard and elaborate drinking-fountains and strange devices which were very expensive and immeasurably important. He had fed them from the book—balanced rations of all sorts, so many proteids, so many carbohydrates; scratch-feed four times a day, mash at all hours, wet mash, dry mash, kitchen leavings, cabbages and mangels, sprouted oats raised with infinite care in the cellar beside the furnace. He had warmed water for them in winter, provided oyster-shells, grit, and charcoal. And they had laid eggs by the gross when all other hens were laying eggs at twenty cents a dozen, and refused altogether to lay any eggs at all when eggs were eighty-five cents and ninety cents and a dollar a dozen.

The Happy Eremite bore it all for three years.

"I'm going to sell the whole outfit!" he cried, savagely, one day when his patience was exhausted. "It's cheaper to buy eggs, infinitely cheaper. I wouldn't dare think how much cheaper. I don't want to know."

But the Lady Eremite demurred. "It's absurd living in the country a thousand miles from anywhere if we're not going to have the benefits of the country. We ought to have brains enough between us to be able to make a hen lay an egg."

And so, because spring came on about that time and the months of fatness and increase were near, the Happy Eremite, not without misgivings, yielded. And again the hens laid eggs by the gross while eggs were twenty cents a dozen; and autumn came on, and again they refused utterly to lay when eggs were eighty-five cents and ninety cents and a dollar; and again he protested and the Lady Eremite demurred, and the hens continued to consume his earthly substance.

But the time arrived when the price of grain ascended beyond the power of the Happy Eremite to follow, and, as the molting season came, the heads of hens began to fall under the ax, and stealthily by night the Happy Eremite crept into the expensive chicken-house and clutched scaly legs perching on beams and the ends of lifted curtain-frames and everywhere else except on the nicely disinfected perches constructed for them and thrust protesting fowls amid clouds of dust into burlap bags. The Wandering Jew bore them away. The Happy Eremite went to bed with the feeling that some one had given him a present.

He was annoyed to find next morning that a half-dozen birds, roosters and hens, had somehow escaped him. He told himself that he would catch them that night when they went to roost. But it happened that they did not go to roost in the expensive hen-house; they roosted in the tops of trees. He said, "All right, if you won't come home at night, you sha'n't get any meals." He studiously neglected them thereafter, with a certain real satisfaction.

Quite by accident a week later he came upon an old box in the chicken-house which no hen had laid in for years. There were six eggs in it. Two days later he came on another long-deserted nest. In it were seven eggs. Thereafter he visited those nests daily, not often without reward. Icy weather came. The price of eggs rose to ninety cents, a dollar, a dollar ten a dozen. The hens continued to lay with the regularity of the wheeling stars.

After five years of fruitless endeavor to make his feathered servants do their work this sudden charity was the last straw. He commented freely on the ways of hens.

Then one day, in the presence of professional poultry-men who were discussing the trials of the off-season, he said, casually, "I'm getting from fifty to seventy-five per cent." The amazement of his hearers was unction to his soul.

But that day his hens ceased suddenly and absolutely to lay.

After a week he went out and murdered them.

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THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

WHAT PEOPLE THINK ABOUT IT

HISTORY

IN 1777 the Continental Congress adopted this resolution:

> *Resolved*, that it be recommended to the several Legislatures of the United States immediately to pass laws the most effectual for putting an immediate stop to the pernicious practice of distilling grain, by which the most extensive evils are likely to be derived.

The "several Legislatures" disregarded the recommendation. After over one hundred and forty years of waiting, they have now acted upon the suggestion of the Continental Congress of 1777 and have ratified what has been designed to be the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution. It reads as follows:

> After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof, for beverage purposes, is hereby prohibited.
>
> The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.
>
> This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the Legislatures of the several States as provided in the Constitution within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the States by the Congress.

Drunkenness has always been an evil to be fought. In 1789 Washington declared that drink was "the ruin of half the workmen in this country." In 1797 La Rochefoucauld wrote: "The most common vice of the inferior class of the American people is drunkenness." And not only of this class; in his life of Marshall Mr. Beveridge says: "Heavy drinking appears to have been universal and continuous among all classes throughout the whole country."

The first temperance society in the United States was formed in 1808. Its members bound themselves not to drink "rum, gin, whisky, wine, or distilled spirits, except by advice of a physician or in case of actual disease."

In 1832 Congress forbade the sale or giving of intoxicants to the Indians.

In 1846 Neal Dow, of Maine, began a campaign to prohibit the sale of liquor in that State. Five years later Maine adopted the bill drafted by him.

In 1874 the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was organized, in which Frances Willard was the leading spirit. Then followed a high license and local option movement.

In 1893 the Anti-Saloon League had its beginnings at Oberlin, Ohio.

By 1915 only three States had not prohibitory liquor legislation of some kind.

In September, 1917, the distilling of whisky in the United States was stopped as a war measure.

In December, 1917, Congress passed a resolution submitting the text of the proposed Eighteenth Amendment to the State Legislatures for their approval.

In November, 1918, a law was enacted by which the Nation will go "dry" after July 1, 1919, until demobilization shall have been accomplished.

On January 16, 1919, the necessary three-fourths of the States had ratified the Eighteenth Amendment.

FOR THE AMENDMENT

The final rush of ratifying States, as the New York "Evening Post" says, "came with a speed and an avalanche-like irresistibility that surprised friend and foe alike." It describes the causes:

> There was doubtless a war impetus left over. All the talk about man power, about conservation of grain, about care for labor, about social demands and National needs blotting out individual privileges, must have had its effect. And the financial argument had been driven from the field by our immense war expenditures and the discovery of what the country could endure and produce in the way of taxation. Why longer hesitate about sacrificing millions in revenues from the excise when we had come to think of everything in billions? The great and permanent force behind prohibition has been, however, a moral force.

What a load is lifted from the country! exclaims the Kansas City "Star," together with many other papers, "A load economic, moral, and political. Booze has disorganized industry, wrecked lives, demoralized politics." In particular, the Birmingham, Alabama, "Ledger," calls attention to the implicit condemnation of the saloons, because in periods of excitement or violence they have been automatically closed. And why? asks the Alabama paper. It answers:

> Liquor produces unreason, and where men's minds are already inflamed liquor makes them demons. . . . The Nation's answer to liquor is the people's record purchasing power, the safety of women and children on the public streets, the empty jails and poorhouses.

The time is not far distant, avers the Madison, Wisconsin, "State Journal," when our school-children are going to find in reading the story of the past a word that will be unfamiliar to them. It proceeds:

> That word will be "saloon." And they are going to ask their teachers and their parents, "What is a saloon?" And they are going to be told that there is no saloon now, but there was such a thing. And then they are going to find out what a hell-hole a saloon was, and how the distillers and brewers owned them, controlled them, manipulated them. They are going to find out how they corrupted politics, spread poverty and wretchedness, crushed manhood, and robbed womanhood. They are going to find out, as Lincoln said, that they were the greatest curse that ever fastened itself upon this country, slavery alone excepted.

AGAINST THE AMENDMENT

"We do not believe that a majority of the people of America earnestly desire 'bone-dry' prohibition," declares Don Marquis in the New York "Evening Sun." "And yet they are going to get it," he says, and for the following reasons (the italics are the "Sun's"):

> One reason is because the "bone-dry" leaders have shown themselves such clever practical politicians. And they have been persistent, too; they have been waging hot and relentless campaigns for years. The whisky interests, where they have been active, have also, as a rule, been stupid in their methods.
>
> But the real reason for the present situation goes deeper than that. It goes down as deep as this psychological fact in the nature of the average American community to-day: *All the enemies of the Rum Demon are whole-hearted, relentless, utterly convinced, zealous, bitter enemies; while most of the friends of the Rum Demon are also enemies of the Rum Demon.*

"There is no overwhelming popular demand for the measure that makes itself heard," asserts the New York "Tribune." "The whole swift and hurried process defies analysis or explanation." It can only be explained, thinks the Baltimore "Sun," as the result "of an abnormal National condition." The "Sun" continues:

> That it does not represent the will or judgment of the majority of the American people many believe. Its friends to-day in the hour of victory would be afraid to submit it to the voters of the country.
>
> The ratification of amendments to the Constitution by State Legislatures was designed as a protection to the principle of local self-government. It has proved in this case to be the means of suppressing that principle. . . . We have taken away from Legislatures the election of United States Senators because Legislatures were more easily deceived, manipulated, or bought than the people. Why should not the people of the States have the right to pass on amendments too?
>
> The "Sun" has no solicitude for the liquor traffic. Its concern in this matter is its concern for the real sobriety and welfare of the country, and its conviction that the frenzy which has forced prohibition into our fundamental law may produce serious trouble in the future.

"It is not so much against the thing itself as the manner of doing it that objection has been raised," says the New York "Times." In harmony with this opinion, James M. Beck, the well-known lawyer and publicist, declares of the Federal Constitution:

> Its basic principle of home rule in all matters not of purely Federal concern has sustained a deadly assault. An interference with a mere matter of personal habit is fatal to the principle of home rule. . . . Whatever the merits of prohibition, within two years it will create

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more discontent between man and man, class and class, than any of us has the slightest conception.

The Chicago "Tribune's" opinion is in sympathy with this. It affirms:

> Nations when they act wisely do not put social correctives into their organic law. . . . They build character affirmatively and not negatively. . . . Booze is dangerous stuff, in cases deadly stuff. It can corrupt, ruin, and kill. But we have not found the best solution . . . when we have fastened a prohibition amendment upon the Constitution of the United States.

The Newark "News" remarks:

> Personal temperance is better than compulsory abstinence on every ground, whether of private or public morals, and there is no reason to doubt that, with the spread of enlightenment, the American people in time, if left to themselves, would have freed themselves, personally and socially, from the misuse of alcohol not only, but of all other poisons as well.

Hence, as the Philadelphia "Ledger" says: "The final decision should be arrived at with a certain maturity of preparation and soundness of judgment that will make the law not unqualifiedly obnoxious to large elements of the population."

CONCLUSION

Finally, it may be added, as the Providence "Journal" points out, that no Federal Constitutional amendment has ever been adopted in this country and subsequently abandoned. "That does not necessarily mean," adds the "Journal," "that prohibition will remain permanently in our fundamental law, but it is calculated to discourage any suggestion of attempts to reverse the verdict."

CAMPAIGNING WITH THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In the spring of 1912, while Mr. Roosevelt was associated with The Outlook and had his headquarters in its office, he made several trips through the country preliminary to the Republican Convention in Chicago which resulted in the nomination of Mr. Taft and in the formation of the Progressive party. The itineraries of these trips were arranged and managed by The Outlook. The first was to Virginia, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania; the second, to Worcester, Boston, Maine, and New Hampshire; the third, through New Jersey, the fourth, to Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, and Michigan; and the fifth, to the Republican and Progressive Conventions in Chicago. Mr. Travers D. Carman, of The Outlook staff, was assigned, with Mr. Roosevelt's approval, as the latter's personal aide. Mr. Carman had under his charge all the arrangements of these trips. He naturally came into very close association with Mr. Roosevelt in this political campaign, and we have asked him to set down his recollections of the experience. They are contained in the following article.—THE EDITORS.

IT was my great privilege to be with Colonel Roosevelt on his campaign trips in 1912, when he was a candidate for the Presidential nomination by the Republican party.

Republican and Progressive though he was, it was non-politically that he was most universally beloved. Veterans of the Civil War, engineers, trainmen, mechanics, day laborers, women, and children—all loved Roosevelt the man.

We were lying out in the railway yards of a Western town one night awaiting the arrival of the Limited to pick up the Colonel's private car. It was ten o'clock and later, raining and cold. Mr. Roosevelt was at work on an important speech for the next day, involving the keynote message to the Nation on the political situation of the moment.

Answering a timid knock on the door of the rear vestibule of the car, I found the station master, an old Army veteran proudly wearing the button that Mr. Roosevelt so venerated, who had floundered through the mud and wet into the yards with his six-year-old granddaughter, both trembling with eagerness to meet the Colonel. I took that blessed old man and his little granddaughter straight to Mr. Roosevelt without a moment's hesitation, because I knew the heart of gold that would welcome them both. The pages of his speech were brushed aside, the little lady lifted to his knee, the Army veteran seated by his side, and for an hour the Battle of Appomattox Court-House and the doings of Alice in Wonderland were in the case of the former described with such accuracy on the part of the two soldiers, and with regard to the latter recounted with such good fellowship on the part of the Colonel and received with such gasps of delight on the part of the child, that I wondered afresh and loved him the more.

Human he was, and delightfully so. At the end of a hard day, including a dozen speeches, a formal luncheon, and a still more impressive dinner, having returned to his special train, he turned to me, with a twinkle in his eye, and said: "Carman, informally, as a Harvard man to a Princeton man, go out and buy me some hair-raising 'Pike's Peak or Bust,' 'Jesse James, the Dead-Shot Desperado,' detective stories, and mention it not in the streets of Gath, or whatever the name of this here town may be."

And now I must tell you of the rare loyalty that he accorded all men who served him. We had been making a circuit of the Middle West—Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota—and because of an oversight it was necessary to stop at Chicago a second time for a diplomatic political peace luncheon before going on into Michigan for the wind-up of the trip. The order of the day was haste and waste not valuable time. Coming into the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul station, I informed the newspaper correspondents that I had arranged for an automobile to take them and their baggage direct to the Michigan Central station, but, in the event that they preferred to attend the reconciliation luncheon at the Congress Hotel, the orders were, "*Sauve qui peut*," since at the first moment possible the Colonel would leave the lunch and hurry to the special which would be awaiting him. The luncheon accomplished, the order was given, and we dashed madly for the train. Assured of the safe arrival of the Colonel, his immediate party, and the Colonel's baggage, I ran through the train to check up the newspaper men. Two were missing!

At the end of five minutes of impatient waiting I became painfully aware that the station master, as well as the superintendent of that division, were no longer my friends, and were asking me in no uncertain fashion if I was aware that I was holding up, not only the Colonel's special, but the Limited on the Big Four, and apparently every other train of importance out of Chicago. Mr. Roosevelt asked no questions—he instinctively seemed to know the trouble—but turned to me and said: "You will take your orders for the remainder of the day from ——," and he named the State Chairman of the Progressive Republican party of Michigan, who had joined us at the station to accompany the Colonel through the Michigan trip for the balance of the day and evening. The order was naturally immediately given to pull out, leaving two of the most important newspaper men behind. Thirty minutes out, stopping at a junction to await the right of way, a telegram was handed me, asking me to hold Mr. Roosevelt's train until the left-behinds could charter an engine and overtake us.

Without conference I wired back, "Impossible; have arranged with the other men to cover your papers; join us to-night at Detroit," which they did at midnight, with muttered imprecations intended for me and which I got as they passed my berth.

Never will I forget the scene in the smoker of the Colonel's Pullman the next morning as we were carried eastward across New York State on the way home. There sat in righteous, nay, even profane, indignation my Grand Jury of eight newspaper men, who, upon my appearance, opened court and found me guilty of—

> Insolence
> Gross misbehavior, and
> Utter incompetence

in leaving two of their number behind, and unanimously voted to make it their business to see the Colonel and have me replaced by one qualified to manage his trips in the interests of the important newspapers so vital to the success of the campaign. There was nothing to say. I was not sent on the trip to hide behind Mr. Roosevelt, but to serve him. Broken-hearted and forlorn, I returned to my section and awaited my doom. In fact, I had dozed off when

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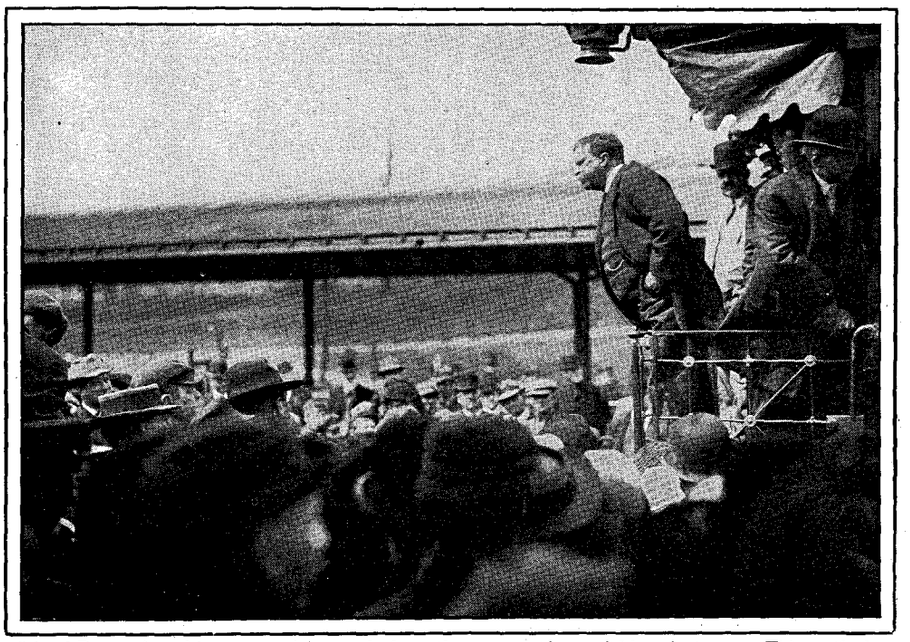
suddenly I was aware of the presence of my erstwhile Grand Jury of the eight newspaper men, trying with poor success to smile, who informed me that, upon second thought, they realized I was not to blame, that the men themselves were, and that, if I were willing, they would like to clean the slate and start afresh.

It seems that they had gone to Mr. Roosevelt with their charge against me, and the Colonel, knowing that I had done all I could to prevent the two from being left, advised them that the incompetence appeared to be their own, and that doubtless their newspapers would replace them with men who could keep up with him.

From that day those men became my good friends, going out of their way to be loyal, and their friendship I still prize sincerely and deeply. But the significant message of the incident to me has always been that wonderful quality of wholehearted loyalty the Colonel accorded all who tried to serve him—a quality that characterized his entire life and so deeply endeared him to all who knew him.

It was never generally known that at the Republican Convention in Chicago the last week in June, 1912, Mr. Roosevelt might have secured the nomination for President, and I have always felt that his declination of the terms of that nomination was the greatest single act of his remarkable career. It was toward the end of that memorable week, when nerves were snapping, conscientious scruples temporarily discarded, and the ugliness of political machinery driving on relentlessly was laid bare to all who cared to see. Towering above the tumult, calm in the political storm, steadfast in the hour of temptation, stood the Colonel, serene, resolute, and withal his lovable self. The Republican delegates were to vote the next day on their choice for the Presidential candidate.

It was known that Mr. Roosevelt lacked twenty-eight delegates (my recollection is that this was the number) to secure the nomination. The most memorable conference I ever attended (and I was there merely in the capacity of "doorman") was held that night at the Colonel's headquarters on the second floor of the Congress, and attended only by those most concerned in the success of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign. The entire situation was carefully discussed, analyzed, and dissected. By questionable means the Colonel would not, and by fair means apparently he could not, secure the nomination, and then came the memorable climax: A delegate to see Mr. Roosevelt on a vitally important matter, who, when admitted to the conference, announced with ill-concealed excitement that he represented thirty-two Southern delegates to the Republican Convention who would pledge themselves to vote for the Colonel as the Presidential candidate, provided they would be permitted to vote with the old line Republicans on all motions with reference to party organization, platform, etc. Here were thirty-two votes, and all that Mr. Roosevelt needed were twenty-eight! Without a moment's hesitation and in the deathlike silence of that room, the Colonel's answer rang out, clearly and distinctly: "Thank the delegates you represent, but tell them that I cannot permit them to vote for me unless they also vote for all progressive principles for which I have fought, for which the progressive element in the Republitan party stands, and by which I stand or fall." Brave men broke down that night; lifelong friends of Mr. Roosevelt endeavored to persuade him to reconsider his decision. After listening patiently he turned to two of them, placed a hand on the shoulder of each, and said: "I have learned to love you both as brothers; do nothing to-night to lessen that love."



Colonel Roosevelt making a campaign speech from the rear platform of his private car. This particular speech was at Peoria, Illinois, on one of the trips described in Mr. Carman's article

Mr. Roosevelt lost the nomination by twenty-eight votes, the Republican party lost the election; but the honor of a mighty principle was sustained, and the Progressive party was born on the following day.

One of the few orders that Mr. Roosevelt ever gave me was on the trip to Chicago to attend the Republican Convention there. He was accompanied by Mrs. Roosevelt and other members of his family. As we were pulling out of the Grand Central Station he turned to me and said, "I shall hold you personally responsible for the safety and comfort of Mrs. Roosevelt, and you are to consider her first at all times." Throughout this trip I had many opportunities of realizing how powerful and wonderful an influence she was in his life. Few political questions were ever decided by him without the opinion, suggestion, and advice of Mrs. Roosevelt. At the Coliseum during the Republican Convention, which Mrs. Roosevelt attended each day, the chivalrous and respectful homage paid her by the Republican leaders was in itself a most significant testimonial, not only of her personal charm, but of her remarkable keenness of political appraisement.

I remember with the vividness of yesterday an incident at the end of the Republican Convention which followed immediately after the dramatic scene which I have related above. It was my last duty each night to see that Mr. Roosevelt got safely through the crowds in the corridor in front of his executive suite on the second floor of the Congress to his private suite on the fourth floor, and there to await orders for the following day—first, concerning Mrs. Roosevelt, and, second, the Colonel. I remained in the private hall of this suite while the Colonel entered the parlor, greeted Mrs. Roosevelt, and said, with the weariness of battle but not of despair, "It looks as though the progressives of the Republican party would have to bolt." And Mrs. Roosevelt said, without the slightest hesitation, "It does." Mr. Roosevelt added, "And you know, of course, that this means defeat in the fall." To which Mrs. Roosevelt replied, cheerfully and heroically, "Yes, I know; but, after all, the winning or losing of the election is of secondary importance to the winning of the principles of the Progressive party." With a characteristic gesture of the rarest gentleness, affection, and chivalry, Mr. Roosevelt turned to Mrs. Roosevelt and said, "My dear, you are the most wonderful woman that ever lived."

The Nation loved Theodore Roosevelt because of his personality, fearlessness, honor, cleanness of living, lovableness of character, steadfastness of soul, devotion to those near and dear, and the possession of those qualities that made him a leader of the Nation's ideals.

In his death the country has suffered a mighty loss that the passing of the years will only emphasize. But, as in the case of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, future generations will look back with the true perspective that time alone makes possible and accord to him the just appraisal of one of America's most wonderful men. TRAVERS D. CARMAN.

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IN ALSACE, LORRAINE, AND OCCUPIED GERMANY

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

This is the first of two articles which we have received from Mr. Mason describing his experiences in that part of Germany now occupied by the Allied and American forces and in the recovered provinces of France. We have instructed Mr. Mason by cable to go into Germany itself as soon as it is possible or practicable to do so, and we hope during the next few weeks to have reports from him on the political, social, industrial, and moral conditions he finds among the German people.—THE EDITORS.

I HAVE just had an interesting trip with the French through Alsace, Lorraine, and occupied parts of South Germany. We started from Nancy by motor to go first to Metz. Tall factory chimneys marked the blue and silver winding of the Moselle—eloquent evidence of that industrial wealth which has always rendered Lorraine a gage of war. The little towns just over what had been the border between France and Germany for forty-seven years were full of German signs coupled with French names, as—

WIRTSCHAFT
PAUL PASSEUR

We passed the head of the column of gray-blue infantry and overtook a line of countrywomen who were toiling along to see the French enter Metz. Like their kind at home, they were dressed in that sober black of great occasions which only makes pitiful plainness and angles more acute. The attempts at beauty by those whose lives are barren of it are apt to be pathetic.

Beyond these sober mothers were their gay daughters, singing and dancing in the costume of Lorraine, a mass of whirling color. They wore low black shoes, white stockings, skirt of red, blue, or of black with gold embroidery, white apron, white waist, black silk bodice, shawl of rainbow hues, and a white cap bound with a bright ribbon.

"*Vive la France!*" they cried, and pelted us with confetti, which unrolled over the hoods and through the wheels of our cars in long ribbons of tricolor.

"*Vive la France! Vive la France!*" The increasing volume of that cheer as we neared Metz made our hearts beat faster; but somehow when those old women in their sober black shouted it you would find a lump in your throat. They could remember a day when the streets of Metz had rung with the hoofs of different conquerors; and this was the fête of their lives. "*Voilà les Français!*" they cried, as if when they looked at their dear French come back to them they could hardly believe their brimming eyes.

Metz we found a strange combination of French and German architecture and of French and German faces. From some of the latter issued cheers of loyalty as loudly as you please from under hatbands labeled "S. M. S. Hohenzollern" or "U Boote Wacht."

"Look how the All Highest has fallen!" said a German boy, pointing to a statue of William I, knocked from its pedestal and shackled. Another statue, with the figure of the prophet Daniel and the face of William II, could not be so treated without injuring the Cathedral façade, of which it formed a part, but on it was hung the inscription, "*Sic Transit Gloria Mundi.*" There were some sullen faces about the square before the stone figure of Marshal Ney, where the troops of Pétain and Mangin were to pass in review—German faces, greasy and stodgy, with few indications of undereating, and ugly square German heads with the hair bristling above rippling fat on the short necks.

The Stars and Stripes was more numerous in Metz than any other flag, except the banners of France and Lorraine; but it was noteworthy that in the wealthier residential part of the town there were hardly any flags at all. These were Boche houses, for the French had forbidden the Huns to hide their true stripes beneath Allied bunting.

I went to a German restaurant and found enough to eat, at about the same prices you would pay in France. There were no vegetables in Metz except potatoes and cauliflower, no butter, milk, or beer. There was plenty of sugar, however, and some candy, although that was very expensive. The war bread was far inferior to the French war bread, yet was not so unpalatable as Russian bread had become even two years ago.

The triumphal entry of Pétain's troops started before I finished eating, and I joined three American officers and seven German girls who were watching the parade through the plate-glass front of the restaurant. The Boche girls sneered at the passing *poilus*.

"They are not nearly so big and strong as the Germans," said one.

"No, nor as the Americans," said another. "Why aren't the Americans here?" Then there was a lot of jabbering in mixed French and German. One of the girls plucked the sleeve of a waiter who had worked five years in London and could speak English. He was about five feet high, bald, and had watery blue eyes.

"We like you Americans better as *die* French an' *die* English," he said, interpreting for the girls with the obsequious smile he had learned serving Hun officers.

"Oh, we know you Germans!" said an American lieutenant. "When you are with the French, you tell them you like them better than the English and Americans, and when you are with the English you tell them that they are the ones you like best. We know you."

"*Ach, nein!* it is not true," burst from the angry girls.

"All right! Never mind! Good-by," snapped a slim maiden with a cold mouth who seemed to think she was cursing us in our own tongue.

"We really like the Americans best," said a tall, bony girl with shrewd black eyes. "You are more like us."

"Good-night! Like the Boche, are we?" roared a second Yank. "No, thanks!"

The girls surrounded him like angry hawks. "We're not Boche!" they shrieked. "You must not call us Boche."

"But I suppose it's all right for you to call us *Schweinhunde?*" said the lieutenant.

"*Nein*, that we never said. It is a—a *mensonge* of *die—die Zeitung.*"

"A newspaper lie. We never called you *Schweinhunde.*"

"Never mind! Upstairs! Beat it!" snapped the slender girl in a tone like a machine gun.

For the next three or four minutes while we were watching the procession the girls kept assuring each other that no German had ever called an American a pig-dog.

"*Aber*, why should we call you that?" asked a plump blonde. "In America a brother I have."

"And we now to America all will go," said the black-eyed giantess. "With you we shall be as friends."

"*C'est vrai*," said the slim girl with the cold mouth. "How can we stay here now it is French?"

"You all say you are coming to America," said one of the American officers in French. "Don't you think, first, it would be better to ask if we want you?"

The lean tigress glared, and as a way of expressing supreme contempt for all of us spat out all the English she knew:

"All right!—Beat it!—Never mind!—Good-by!—Upstairs!"

We "beat it" in time to see Marshal Pétain greet the crowd before the statue of Marshal Ney. Even out there the enthusiasm was not quite all it might have been. The effect of the immigration the Germans have poured into the Lorraine city was evident. For three sincerely hurrahing, flag-waving Frenchmen or French sympathizers there was one sullen, silent Hun and a brother of a more insidious type—the fawning hypocrite whose joy was all assumed for the moment.

When we got back to our cars, we found the running-board of one covered with plates of ham sandwiches and bottles of wine. A dozen unmistakably Boche

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children stood around with hungry eyes.

"Are you German?" asked one of the correspondents in our party, holding a sandwich toward the boy.

"No, I'm French," was the prompt answer in German. The boy got the sandwich.

The correspondent asked the same question of each child in turn, and got the same answer for the same reward until he came to the last child, a little girl with two long braids the color of molasses candy.

"Are you German?" asked the man, offering the bait.

"*Ja, ja, ich bin Deutsche.*"

The correspondent withheld the sandwich, but tried again with the same result. The little girl's patriotism could not be shaken.

"Here, little girl, are you really German?" I asked, extending two sandwiches and a cup of wine.

"*Ja, ja,*" she said, stubbornly, but on the point of tears.

"Then take these," I said, in clumsy German. "I'll give you more than the others got because you are the only one who has spoken the truth."

In the following two weeks, touring through Alsace, Lorraine, and occupied Germany with the French, we found everywhere among *bona-fide* Germans that attitude which had been expressed by the German girl at Metz who said: "We really like the Americans best; you are more like us."

To some extent this feeling is genuine; it springs from the fact that Germany has, or had up to the time the war began, established certain relations with America through the millions of immigrants she sent to us. But I suspect that the sentiment we found toward America in the mouths of Germans everywhere was based on their belief that America is the "easiest" of the Allies, that if they can dupe any one of the Allies it will be America. It is that which we must guard against.

However, in the towns and cities of Alsace which we visited we found fewer Germans by far than we had found in Metz. Colmar and Strasbourg, for instance, are more German in tongue than Metz, but far less German in sentiment than the fortified Lorraine city, which has been on the French border for nearly fifty years. The reception of the French at Metz was marred, as I have reported, by the unmistakable sullenness of the Germans there; but the joy when the columns of gray-blue strode into the many Alsatian towns we visited was hardly second to the spirit of Paris on the night of November 11, that unforgetable night of the day the armistice was signed. And the eagerness of Alsatians who had been in Germany proper to get back to Alsace when it went under French control was noticeable.

Motoring through an icy mist out of Colmar one morning along a gray-white road between rows of compact farmhouses whose overhanging roofs sheltered pendant sheaves of golden corn, we saw suddenly a high artificial bank, and beyond it a mediæval German town with gray castle walls and a beetling brown cathedral in the center. The bank broke open, and the road ran down to a pontoon bridge across a thread of silvery blue—at least it seemed a thread to those of us who saw it for the first time—the Rhine. But two or three hundred yards wide, like the best of western European rivers, it seemed at most a biggish brook. Yet about this thread was woven the gold of German romance. "*Die Wacht am Rhein*"—there it was, a knot of stocky French *poilus* on one end of the bridge and a gray group of German soldiers under two or three officers stripped of their insignia at the other. Over the trembling planks came a long file of civilians—Alsatians—coming back to Alsace.

A tattered crowd of men, women, and children they were, struggling under their dilapidated baggage.

"We're coming home at last," said an old man among them, "for Alsace is really home now."

Do you know that when the Germans started the war they sent their troops into Alsace-Lorraine with instructions to regard the natives of those provinces with as much distrust as the French themselves? Do you know that after the French retreat in August, 1914, several villages in Alsace-Lorraine were deliberately destroyed by the Boche on the charge of being Francophile—as, for instance, the village of Dalheim, in Lorraine, and the village of Bourtzviller, in Alsace? Small wonder if—since they were obliged to live under German rule, anyway—some Alsatians and some Lorrainers preferred to sojourn in Germany proper, on the theory that there, perhaps, they might be free from the particular animosity which the Huns showed toward the inhabitants of the old "lost provinces" of France. But Alsace-Lorraine is "really home now" to these people—now that the old provinces have come back to France.

These Alsatians were not the only ones who were coming home across that bridge; it was Military Bridge Number 9, and the German town on the other side was the town of Alt Brischaux, in Baden. We crossed to the other side, where the locked gate was guarded by the gray group of Huns—hungry Huns, and "*très tristes*," as one of them said with an attempt at a grin. A hundred feet up the road from the bridge-head was a mass of military prisoners—Frenchmen, Britishers, Italians, a few Rumanians, and several Yanks. In a few minutes that gate would be opened and those prisoners would come home. While we waited to see them we talked to the German guard.

"When are you going to send us some food?" asked a German officer. That is the first question that every German asks now.

"Why should we send you any?" replied one of the correspondents, a belligerent chap who loves an argument.

"If you don't send some soon," said the officer, "there'll be hell in Germany this winter, and that won't do you people any good. You didn't like Bolshevism in Russia; you'll like it less in Germany. But we'll get it certainly if you don't send us food."

"Is the food situation really so bad in Germany, then? Is that why you quit fighting?" we asked.

"The food situation is very bad," said the officer; "but that is not why we stopped fighting. We stopped fighting because our allies deserted us. The German army has never been beaten. Some day you shall see—" He stopped.

"See what?"

"Well, never mind now," he smiled, proudly; "but the German army has never been beaten. You cannot say that you beat us. You beat the Austrians and the Bulgarians; yes, that is true, but that is all."

"Well, peace has not been concluded yet, you know. This is only an armistice. If you are not convinced that we can beat you, perhaps you would like to fight some more?"

He grinned ratherly sourly, and said: "Oh, no, thank you; we've had quite enough for the present."

There was a shuffling of feet on the road, and the mass of prisoners pressed up to the gate. It swung open, and they poured through, shouting as they stepped off German soil in a tumult of mad joy which I shall never forget. You could guess what they had been through when you looked at their weak, thin bodies under the tatterdemalion attire, at the hollows and pallor of the faces, in which the eyes burned with a great gladness. Most of them were French; but above the shout of "*Vive la France!*" which came from the throats of these we heard the "Wow!" and "Oh, boy!" of four Yanks arm in arm, with the wooden chests they had made in prison strapped to their long backs.

The tales of Allied soldiers released from German prisons vary a great deal according to the judgment and temper of the individual, and according to the location of the camp in which the particular prisoner was incarcerated. But, to give the devil his due, I must say that after talking with several hundred prisoners of all the Allied nationalities it has not seemed to me that there was any such widespread deliberate cruelty to prisoners of war in Germany as some Allied newspapers have alleged. There have been individual cases of maltreatment, no doubt; but to judge by the reports of the many prisoners with whom I talked the principal suffering was due to poor food. And this, many prisoners have told me, was not much worse than that served to a good many German soldiers or than that which was all that the poorer classes of German civilians could afford.

On the whole, though, Americans seem to have been rather better treated than the prisoners of America's allies, while almost certainly the Russian prisoners fared the worst. In this treatment of

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American prisoners one sees again the German attempt to hold some degree of American sympathy with an eye to assistance from the United States in the trials of reconstruction. It has also been the testimony of all the ex-prisoners with whom I have talked that the German revolution, although not up to the present very violent, has not been a mere "frame-up," but the expression of genuine and widespread dissatisfaction with the Government and the ruling classes, which led the nation into political and military disaster.

"It's no fake," these liberated doughboys said to us on the bridge at Alt Brischaux. "There's some Prussianism left among the upper-class officers yet, but the people and soldiers are all fed up with war. It's a regular Russian stunt. The Soviet leaders where we were [a camp in Baden] gave the soldiers a strong 'call down' because they went out and shot a lot of lieutenants instead of shooting all the generals and colonels first.

"During the last few weeks we could go practically anywhere. We used to start out with our guards every afternoon and swipe a chicken or some potatoes and sit up all night in the fields roasting 'em. The Boche are all tryin' to stand in with Americans. An American could walk right through Germany now an' get nothin' but hospitality from the German people."

It must be remembered that all these men had been in camps in southern Germany, where the feeling may not be just what it is in the north. But in southern Germany, at least, there seems to be much the same rejoicing over the downfall of Prussia as there is in Alsace-Lorraine. To a lesser extent the southern Germans have been chafed by the sort of petty brutalities and gross stupidities of administration which have completely defeated Prussia's designs to win the people of Alsace-Lorraine to their side.

Apart from any question of racial or historical affinity, the Alsatians and Lorrainers know that they can expect more liberty under French than under German rule. They know that they can believe France when she promises them that "not only will she respect your customs, your local traditions, your religious beliefs, your economic interests, but she will bind up your wounds, and in these difficult days will make sure that you will be fed."

I believe it is a safe statement that three-fourths of the people who were living in Alsace-Lorraine when the armistice was signed prefer union with France to union with Germany. I believe if a fair plebiscite were held to-day the vote would be at least three to one for France.

FRANCE AND THE BOLSHEVIKI: AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT

CABLE CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

THE officially authorized statement following, expressly prepared for The Outlook, gives the position of the French Government concerning the situation of Russia in the Peace Conference:

"The French Government is of the opinion that Bolshevism is a permanent danger to peace and civilization, and that the Government of the Soviets is actually at war with the Allies. It is therefore impossible to renew diplomatic relations with that Government, even taking it as a Government *de facto*. The French Government feels justified in its attitude, because in fighting against Bolshevism France is not in the least interfering with the home politics of a foreign country, but merely endeavoring to eradicate a system which is based on nothing but disorder and crime.

"Bolshevism cannot be reasonably called a system of government, but the tyranny of a very small clique over the bulk of the nation. Fighting Bolshevism means, first and foremost, protecting Russia against a régime which all those who have escaped from Russia are unanimous in condemning. It also means protecting civilization in Europe, as the activity of Bolshevist propagandists is a menace, not only to the immediate neighbors of Russia, but also to the Allied and neutral countries, one of the conditions of the very existence of Bolshevism being its expansion abroad.

For the Allies to remain passive, therefore, would mean to lose ground and leave whole countries—especially those in which over four years' disturbed political and economic conditions may have created a certain nervousness—the prey of a propaganda which has nothing in view but disorder and, as far as can be ascertained, is unable to find a basis of normal government.

"Bolshevism has already endeavored to promote anarchy in neutral countries such as Sweden, Spain, and Switzerland and in Berlin. Bolshevist money and literature are not spared to create in foreign countries a favorable atmosphere while arms are ready to be sent into countries shaken by the propaganda. Bolshevist troops are already invading the countries which all the Allies are desirous of bringing into existence, such as Poland, and thus to prevent the organization of nations that have long been kept under the yoke of Germany, which is determined to accept the help of Bolshevism to prevent their emancipation. The true statesman is he who has not only in view the immediate future, but especially he who foresees the further development. It would be a short-sighted policy to abandon Russia and to prolong anarchy. This would only tend to absolute disorganization of the country and to leave her an open field to German expansion and colonization. Crushing Bolshevism does not mean for the French Government a return to Czarism and reaction. In fact, the French Government has refused to accept the help of the reactionaries in Russia, and has even required guarantees from the influential organizations which France has helped that they are only collaborating in a common programme of fighting Bolshevism as the enemy of democracy.

"And the French Government has done this because it realizes that the restoration of anything like the old régime in Russia would be a calamity. There is a whole world between Czarism and Bolshevism, and what France wants is what all the Allies want, a true democracy compatible with the new order that has come out of the war, and which President Wilson has helped so much to create. France has always been ready to fight for the liberty of others; in fact, her great Revolution opened the door to democracy in Europe. Bolshevism is not democracy, but a régime of terror and tyranny.

"France welcomed, and still welcomes, the Revolution in Russia, and to such an extent that she has always refused to support the reactionary element, which, although desirous of restoring order in Russia, has not given sufficient guarantee for free development of democratic ideas and institutions in that country. Accusations that France lent money to Russia while she had a despotic Government, and now wants dividends from Russia while she is still suffering from reaction against the old despotism, apply equally to all nations that have lent money to Russia or other despotically ruled countries, such as Turkey. But it must be remembered that France's object in lending money to Russia was to reinforce the economic, moral, and military strength of her ally against the German menace to the world. While it is in the interest of the world's stability that governments should observe their obligations, France's interest in the restoration of order in Russia under a democratic government is altogether apart from any financial considerations.

"It is the interest of preserving in Russia and her neighbors, including all the Allies, liberty as against anarchy. France on this point, as on others, is at one with her allies, with whom she will always collaborate in order to promote sound democracy in Russia against Bolshevism.

"The only divergences that may exist are merely on questions of ways and means, but not principles."

Paris, France, January 16, 1919.

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EMIGRATION FROM AMERICA

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

BEFORE Germany's onslaught on civilization foreigners were pouring into America at the rate of a million a year. Historic migrations—Burgundian, Visigoth, and the rest—paled by comparison. We had a problem on our hands; sociologists groaned, laborites tore their hair. The situation was worth a month's board annually to a magazine writer, a small fortune to such illustrators as Mr. W. T. Benda and his fellow-artists. Then in a twinkling the whole thing stopped. Like a "grandfather's clock"—never to go again?

Few of us believed quite that. With the dawn of peace it would start up afresh; not at the old rate, but at a rate vastly more astounding. The impoverished, the affrighted, the disillusioned, and the heart-sick would flee a ruined Europe. Even Germans would come. There was proof of this. And when America entered the war the proof grew stronger. Miss Mary Ethel McAuley and Miss Blanche Slocum heard Germans say even then, "The minute this horror is over we shall hasten to America." Returning home, they published what they had heard. It was most convincing, and led to serious conclusions. If Germans planned to come, how much more eagerly would Serbs, Rumanians, Russians, and western Asiatics plan to come?

But reflect. We have stiffened our immigration laws since 1914. They now provide a literacy test ruling out "all aliens over sixteen years of age physically capable of reading who cannot read the English language or some other language or dialect." That alters things considerably. Then, too, governments abroad have a new and tremendously compelling motive for keeping their people at home. They need their man power as never before. Italy, for example, has lost on the battlefield some two million workers. They need their tax-bearing power. For pensions, for civil relief, and for reconstruction enormous sums must be raised. Every citizen who leaves makes the per capita burden heavier for those who stay by. Protest against his leaving will be not only an administrative protest, it will be a popular protest as well.

Meanwhile there are those among us who foresee a phenomenon wholly new and startling—emigration from America. Shrewd observers predict it. "Instead of a large European immigration," says Mr. W. B. Joyce, President of the National Surety Company, "experts expect a large emigration of our foreign-born workers to their own lands." Mr. Harry A. Wheeler, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, takes the same view. So does New York's Immigration Commissioner, Mr. Frederic C. Howe. Steamship men report that during the war 1,250,000 aliens applied for passage home. There are steamship men who think 2,500,000 will leave us.

The great hegira began when Europe called reservists to the colors and when expatriated patriots valiantly enlisted. It will renew itself presently. Roaming the Greek, Italian, and Jewish quarters of Chicago, I hear always the same story: "Yes, thousands will go—hundreds and hundreds of thousands. They have made up their minds. They are only waiting for a chance to sail." Representatives of Greek, Italian, and Jewish newspapers back this up. They should know. Miss Mary Preston, at the Immigrants' Protective League, a Hull House institution, agrees with the editors. Her Polish assistant adds, "The Austrian Poles will go first."

Now it is true that the impending exodus may be regarded as in part a mere expression of the homing instinct long restrained. To multitudes of Greeks and Italians ocean liners are ferry-boats, residence in America a sojourn, and migration a shuttlecock adventure of drudging here, spending at home, and returning to drudge anew. For years now these people have been unable to revisit Europe. Savings have accumulated. Soon restraint will cease, and home will go the Italians and Greeks. To stay?

They think not. As they look at it, it is the old experience over again, only with added incentives this time. Trapped here by the war, they have had no news from home, or news exasperatingly scant. What has befallen their relatives? What has become of the family abode? They are obsessed with anxiety; must see with their own eyes. And among them not a few expect to "get something," possibly a bequest. So far as my personal knowledge goes, not one of those foreigners suspects that returning home may mean staying there the remainder of his days. It may, though. After being trapped here by war, they may be trapped abroad by law; permanently at that. Moreover, there is a large and quite definitely tangible probability of their being trapped abroad by opportunities—good jobs, high wages, a chance to thrive.

Take Italy. Says Felice Ferrero, "Italians who went abroad to work will stay in Italy hereafter, getting as good wages as here because of Italy's new industrial development." Says Rossati, "Italy will provide better living conditions and higher wages." Thanks to war industries, Italy has now 400,000 skilled workers. The munitions plants will henceforward be devoted to peace industries. Those will expand—are already expanding. To cite but one instance, war greatly benefited the silk industry; exports to Switzerland and the Allied countries more than made up for the loss of the Balkan and Turkish markets. With a promising outlook abroad, Italy is re-establishing her merchant marine on a much larger scale than formerly. If she lacks coal, she has endless water-power, and will develop it and make Italy a land where Italians can prosper. Thither they will go. There they will stay.

It was not for fun that Italians came swarming across the Atlantic. Pangs of homesickness torment them here. Well may Mrs. Fiske when impersonating an expatriated Italian girl cry, longingly, "Oh, Napoli! Napoli!" In quite that mood an Italian scissors-grinder once said to me near Paul Revere's house in North Square, Boston, "Oh, Italy! Italy! The sky makes you happy!" Such immigrants have only one motive for coming to us: to make money. Hereafter they will make as much, or very nearly as much, at home.

Among certain other nationalities the land hunger will have its way. In eastern Europe, and, for that matter, in parts of Central Europe, the feudal system has broken down. It will not be reinstated. For the first time in history cheap land can be had there, and "migration follows cheap land;" especially when the market shouts aloud for farm products. Immense agricultural developments are to be expected in Germany east of the Elbe, in portions of Hungary, in the Balkans, and in Asia Minor. Where Turkish rule has checked progress hitherto huge reclamation enterprises will be undertaken, backed by European or American capital. Lands anciently fertile will yield rich harvests again. Deserts will be irrigated. Instead of coming to America, the inhabitant will prosper at home.

What now of Zionism? Some observers believe that America's poverty-stricken Jews will flock to Palestine. I doubt it. More reasonable, I think, is the prediction that Zion will draw its new population from Russia and other European countries, granted always that those countries will sanction the exodus. They may. Where Jews are abominated it is possible that exceptions will be made in their case and steps taken to speed the parting guest. What then? More room for the repatriated native, more success for him, a lesser chance that he will return to America.

With this novel situation large employers of foreign labor as well as interests dependent upon the product of foreign labor in America are beginning to reckon. Coming at a time when our merchant marine calls for men by the thousand and when we plan to employ vast numbers in redeeming waste lands for occupancy by demobilized soldiers and when we are told that our Army in Europe will not return for at least two years, the case is serious—at all events, from the view-point of capital. Capitalists are cudgeling their brains for remedies. The Union Pacific Railway has arranged to help aliens along its route to buy farms on the installment plan, the first installment to be paid after the first harvest. Two noted spokesmen for capital in Chicago advise importing five million Chinamen.

To this the answer is, "No can do!"

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The Chinese would come; China made very much this offer something like a year and a half ago; but there is California to consider, likewise the labor unions.

I have just visited the office of a world-famous labor union and talked emigration with a coterie of indignant laborites. They know that the foreigners are going home. They say the majority are going home attracted by the assurance of good pay there and intending to stay. They even take American Zionism rather seriously and assume that many American Jews will go. Nothing in the situation surprises them. They have seen it coming. But how they do storm against the idea of bringing in those five million Chinamen!

In prosperous times, so they assert, two million workers are idle here; in hard times, six million. What harm, then, if two million foreigners quit us? It merely reduces unemployment. If it also raises wages, they are shedding no tears over that.

It certainly will; but we shall profit in other respects and have a better, because more American, America. Emigration promises a weeding out of little Italys, little Hungarys, little Syrias, and foreign "quarters" in general. The less Americanized will go. The more Americanized will stay. Aliens put it to me thus: "Foreigners who have long been here and succeeded and become good Americans will not be tempted away; only the poor and ignorant will" —meaning the unskilled. In a word, emigration will draw from the bottom, not the top. Result: a survival of the fittest—fittest, that is, for American citizenship.

But will emigration end with the exodus of aliens? It will only begin there. Another sort, of which little has been said, though much ought to be, will transplant educated and prosperous Americans. As Englishmen go out to the ends of the earth, so will Americans. Foreign trade will take them there. Through influences, direct and indirect, foreign trade will keep them there.

In discussing foreign trade—the enormous commercial expansion that is to employ our gigantic new merchant marine—we talk as if the exploit involved only mariners and tradesmen. It involves whole classes besides. We must have American banks abroad. We must greatly extend and improve our consular service. We must keep sending out missions to study foreign markets. Specialists in trades journalism must man a foreign commercial news service as methodical and as trustworthy as the Associated Press. Definitely qualified experts must collect and collate information as to the standing of foreign customers. Every important American interest engaged in foreign trade must maintain branch offices abroad and a corps of agents, drummers, and demonstrators, to say nothing of lobbyists. Several types of exporting establishments must maintain engineering squads. To those add the personnel of American business houses abroad. Six thousand Americans live in China now. Two hundred and sixteen American firms are permanently there.

In point of numbers the early exodus will not be impressive. Wait! Emigration invites emigration. Start an American "colony" anywhere, and presently you have an American doctor. You have an American dentist. You have an American boot and shoe dealer. An American hotel opens. Likewise an American church. Alongside the group of foreign-trade pioneers there grows up another to supply their needs.

If this means robbing us of useful citizens, oh, well, so be it. At any rate, Americans will no longer be tempted to live abroad for economy's sake. That vapid little game is finished for good and all. The American who could cut a dash in Paris—or Rome, say—on an income that would finance only a comparative dowdiness in New York or Chicago will not again expatriate himself, for existence in tax-burdened Europe will be as costly, or very nearly as costly, as in America. He will live and spend at home.

As for Americans who go forth to the ends of the earth on business, we shall regret their absence, but not their usefulness. Through them we shall learn to think internationally, developing the world consciousness which is the basis of world amity. I believe the world will thank both us and them. They are to be exponents and apostles of the American idea. And if emigration from America cuts down our numbers, as it may, what of it? Numbers are not everything. There is much to be said of quality.

LOOKING AHEAD IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

IT is more than sixty days since the armistice put an end to hostilities and economic law has been sufficiently unshackled to enable us to form some opinion in regard to the business conditions that will prevail during the first year or two of the post-bellum period.

I say the first year or two because the war has revealed the limitations of human prescience and made nearly every one willing to declare with Cardinal Newman, "I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me." Long before the war, in fact, the unwisdom of trying to look too far ahead in business was recognized, for it is an old commercial maxim that "early information and abundant bank credit will wreck the soundest concern," the meaning of the proverb being that those who can and do borrow money because they think they have knowledge of the remoter future are almost certain to come to grief.

By careful observation and comparison of the facts it is, however, possible to reach some conclusions that may be of value in regard to the period that is near at hand, and concerning which no little apprehension is felt and expressed.

This apprehension is based upon a fear of labor troubles and industrial unrest, sometimes called "Bolshevism," the expectation of lower commodity prices, and a belief that the heavy income taxes that it will be necessary to impose in the countries that have been at war will throttle enterprise by depriving men of the incentive that the hope of profit provides.

It must be admitted that both reason and precedent justify the anticipation of high taxes and lower commodity prices; but in gauging their effect we must be careful to inquire whether it has not already been felt or "discounted," to use the language of the Stock Exchange, where an event that is known in advance is almost invariably reflected in the prices established long before it happens.

Ever since the war commenced it has been well understood that prices would come down when it ended and that heavy taxes would have to be paid for some years thereafter. Most foresighted men have therefore been preparing for these very things; they have reduced their inventories, set aside heavy reserves, and in many cases have sought to escape taxation by devoting an unusually large share of their unusual profits to extensions and improvements that would not have been made otherwise.

It is altogether probable, therefore, that the shock of two of the things expected has been provided for and that their effect has been largely felt. If this is true, then we are making a mistake in preparing for a business depression, for expansion will commence just as soon as prices have reached a point at which distributers feel justified in replenishing the small stocks they have been carrying because lower prices have been so universally predicted.

In the security markets very much the same condition of preparedness appears to exist. Taking the New York Stock Exchange prices of Saturday, January 11, I find that many stocks are selling at figures which, measured against the dividends they pay, yield amazingly high returns. The list is too long for publication in full, but I have selected from it and append the stocks that if bought at the closing prices of January 11 would pay 7 per cent or over, provided the dividends of 1918 are maintained. They follow, subject of course to any error I

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may have made in a somewhat tiresome mathematical calculation:

Dividend Yield.	Name of Stock.	Closing Price January 11.
9.09	Ajax Rubber	67½
9.49	Allis Chalmers pf.	84½
11.21	Am. Beet Sugar	70⅛
7.92	Am. Agricultural Chemical	101
7.31	Am. Bank Note pf.	42
7.29	Am. Brake Shoe pf.	160
7.00	Am. Can pf.	100½
8.08	Am. Car & Foundry	89⅜
9.17	Am. Cotton Oil	44
10.52	Am. Ice pf.	57
7.75	Am. Linseed pf.	90⅛
8.16	Am. Locomotive	61
8.15	Am. Smelting	73¼
12.00	Am. Snuff	105
8.30	Am. Steel Fdy.	85¼
10.24	Am. Sumatra Tob.	97
7.69	Am. Sum. Tob. pf.	94¼
7.92	Am. Tel. & Tel.	101
9.76	Am. Tobacco	204¾
9.80	Am. Woolen	51
7.33	Am. Woolen pf.	96½
14.16	American Zinc pf.	43½
9.92	Anaconda	60
7.11	Atlantic Coast L.	98½
9.57	Atl. G. & W. I.	105
7.46	Atl. G. & W. I. pf.	67
8.16	Baltimore & Ohio	49
7.27	Baltimore & Ohio pf.	55¾
16.60	Bethlehem Steel	61
7.78	Beth. Steel 7% pf.	91
7.63	Beth. Steel 8% pf.	104¼
16.50	Beth. Steel B.	60¼
7.50	Bklyn. Un. Gas	82
9.76	Booth Fisheries	21⅜
8.33	Butte Cop. & Zinc	6⅞
7.49	Cal. Packing	51¼
10.53	Cal. Petro. pf.	66½
13.33	Calumet & Ariz.	61½
7.53	Case J. I. pf.	93½
8.47	Central Leather	58¾
11.97	Cerro de Pasco	34
11.13	Chandler Motor	106
7.14	Chesapeake & Ohio	56⅜
7.29	Chi. & Northwest	96
9.97	Chi. M. & St. P.	41
9.67	Chi. M. & St. P. pf.	72¼
9.04	Chi. R. I. & P 6% pf.	67
8.81	Chi. R. I. & P. 7% pf.	79½
12.05	Chino Copper	33¼
9.36	Cluett Peabody	64⅞
8.11	Col. Fuel & Iron	37
8.33	Col. & So. 1st pf.	48¼
9.41	Columbus Gas & E.	42⅝
10.81	Com. Tab. & R.	37¾
37.50	Con. Callahan	8¼
7.33	Consolidated Gas	94¼
8.70	Continental Can.	70
8.60	Continental Ins.	59
7.69	Crucible Steel pf.	92
9.09	Cuba Cane pf.	75⅞
8.70	Del. & Hudson	104
7.37	Deere Co. pf.	95¼
18.92	Fed. M. & Smelt pf.	37⅛
13.81	Gaston W. & W.	29⅞
7.64	General Cigars	53
9.20	General Motor	128
7.21	General Motor pf.	84½
7.02	Goodrich	57⅜
12.74	Granby	77¼
7.49	Gt. Northern pf.	93¼
11.43	Gt. Northern Ore. ctfs.	34¾
18.18	Greene Cananea	43½
16.40	Gulf States Steel	59
9.28	Hartman	55
9.30	Haskell & Barker	44
7.22	Illinois Central	98¼
18.60	Inspiration Cons.	43½
9.03	Int. Agricultural pf.	56¼
12.90	Int. Nickel	31
9.84	Inter. Paper pf. st.	62⅞
7.96	Jewel Tea pf.	89
12.48	Kennecott	32½
9.21	Lackawanna Steel	65⅛
9.09	Lehigh Valley	55¾
7.52	Loose Wiles 1st pf.	94½
7.05	Lorillard Tob.	168
8.70	Mackay Cos.	71¾
8.33	Manhattan El.	85½
7.93	May Dept. Stores	63¾
16.67	Miami Copper	24⅜
13.83	Midvale Steel	43¾
7.96	M. St. P. & S. S. M.	90
9.84	National Acme	31
7.80	National Lead	64
12.66	Nat. Enam. & S.	48½
17.64	Nevada Consol.	17
10.21	N. Y. Air Brake	105
10.00	N. Y. Dock	25⅞
9.97	N. Y. Ont. & West	21
7.71	Northern Pacific	92½
11.49	Ohio Cities Gas	43⅝
9.09	Nova Sco. St. L. & CC.	55
29.00	Ontario Silver	6
7.11	Pan. Am. Petroleum	69½
8.47	Pere M. prior pf.	58
11.53	Pierce Arrow	42½
7.88	Pierce Arrow pf.	102
9.68	Phila. Co.	31½
8.70	Pitts. C. C. & St. L.	46
7.50	Pitts. & W. Va. pf.	80¾
10.55	Pitts. Coal of Pa.	47½
7.02	Pitts. Coal of Pa. pf.	87
15.03	Pressed Steel Car	64½
7.07	Pressed Steel Car pf.	101
15.00	Ray Consol.	20½
10.92	Rwy. Steel Spring	74
8.11	Republic Steel	73⅞
7.00	Republic Steel pf.	101½
10.80	Royal Dutch	74
10.71	Savage Arms	61⅜
7.69	Shattuck Ariz. Co.	13½
12.24	Sloss-Sheffield	49¼
15.84	So. Porto Rico Sugar	140
7.25	Southern Ry. pf.	69⅛
7.66	Studebaker	51¾
7.56	Studebaker pf.	92½
10.20	Stutz Motor	50¾
16.51	Superior Steel	35½
7.67	Tenn. Cop. & Chem.	14
7.39	Tobacco Prod.	77⅞
12.99	Transue & Williams	37¾
8.00	Un. Bag & Paper	75
7.78	Union Pacific	128
10.67	United Alloy	37¾
7.95	United Cigar Stores	113½
7.81	United Drug Co. 1st pf.	52
7.14	United Drug 2d pf.	94
11.90	U. S. Cast Iron Pipe pf.	43½
15.44	U. S. Ind. Alcohol	103
7.22	U. S. Ind. Alc. pf.	96¼
11.30	U. S. Smelt & Ref.	44⅛
7.34	U. S. Rubber 1 pf.	109¾
13.80	Utah Copper	71½
7.27	Va. Carolina Ch.	55
7.08	Va. Carolina Ch. pf.	113
8.22	Wells-Fargo Ex.	75
8.86	Westinghouse	41⅝
8.68	Western Pacific pf.	61½
7.98	West. Union Tel.	87½
8.89	White Motor	45½
8.05	Willys-Overland pf.	88¾
8.53	Worth P. & M. pf. A	89¾
9.05	Worth P. & M. pf. B	67

In naming these stocks I do not mean to be understood as advising the purchase of any of them, or asserting that a single one of them will continue to yield the dividends they have hitherto paid. The list is published only because I regard it as highly interesting evidence that the security market has discounted the income taxes that are in prospect, in that the yield to be obtained on a large number of investments has risen to a rate that will compensate all but the richest buyers for the tax deductions that they will have to make. The same statement is measurably true of the bond market, where many new and well-secured issues are being offered on a basis to yield 6½ to 6¾ per cent.

Another interesting and significant fact is the increase in the deposits of savings banks and the accumulations of insurance companies that have been recorded during the last four years, to say nothing of the rate at which the resources of our commercial banks have grown during the same period. The figures are not yet available in detail, but as far as received they indicate a gain that will aggregate four or five billion dollars.

This supply of credit is now fairly well employed by the Government and by those who are handling the merchandise that is being distributed at high prices.

It is, however, to be expected that as these prices decline and the financial needs of the Government are satisfied the credit requirements of the country will contract. The logical result will be lower rates for money, higher prices for securities, and an increase in building and other forms of constructive activity—all much to be desired and only restrained by the difficulty in making loans.

A counsel of optimism rather than of pessimism would therefore seem to be justified in regard to the near future viewed entirely in the light of what we may call its concrete as distinguished from its intangible or psychological features.

Chief among the latter, as already stated, is the fear that the Bolshevism supposed to be prevalent in Europe will extend to the United States. If such an unpronounceable word had not been coined to describe the spirit of unrest that usually follows war, the thing itself would not perhaps seem so terrible.

As it is, there is not much to indicate that the toxin of anarchy with which Germany poisoned herself when she attempted to inoculate Russia will take effect among the democratic people of the United States and Great Britain. The triumph of Lloyd George and the defeat of the Labor candidates at the recent English elections would seem to negative the idea in so far as the British are concerned, and in this country the political sanity of the masses so often demonstrated in the past must be our reliance.

It is idle to expect, and it would, I think, be unsocial, if not unmoral, to hope that wages will be reduced to prewar levels unless a corresponding decline in the cost of living takes place; and this seems unlikely as long as Europe is hungry and our Government guarantees $2.26 a bushel at Chicago for the wheat that we produce.

Some readjustments will of course be necessary, and sporadic strikes are to be expected; but in the main and on the average those who work with their hands will probably retain the advantages that they have secured, and those who work with their heads will find themselves able to offset the increased cost of production by the increased use of labor-saving machinery.

This has been the history of industrial development in the past, and there is

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every reason to think that it will repeat itself.

It is hard to believe that the process will be accompanied by the revolutionary developments of which some profess to be apprehensive, for they would be the very negation of the democracy for the safety of which we have been fighting, and which, despite its defects, none of us would exchange for any other form of government yet devised.

Basing my views upon the foregoing considerations and many others less fundamental, I may summarize the opinion that I have reached as follows:

(1) A decline in commodity prices which has already been largely discounted is to be expected.

(2) An active domestic trade is probable when prices shall appear to have "bottomed."

(3) Lower interest rates are to be anticipated as commodity prices decline, because less money will be tied up in goods.

(4) The decline in the money market will be reflected in higher prices for good stocks and bonds, especially Government bonds, and a revival of the constructive activity that involves permanent investment.

(5) The maintenance of approximately the present wage scale through the increased use of labor-saving machinery and scientific methods is probable.

If security prices were high and there was distended speculation or unbridled optimism in any of the markets, I should perhaps be less confident of the future than I am.

The very reverse is, however, the case. Speculation has been repressed for nearly two years, the prevailing temper is pessimistic, and people are generally disposed to take a gloomy view of the future.

It is because I have learned that the expected rarely happens that I venture to oppose my opinion to that of the majority.

In one of his "Lay Sermons"—I forget which—Huxley said, in effect, that the soundness of our scientific conclusions depends upon our accuracy in observation, comparison, deduction, and verification. I am well aware that in the field of commercial and financial research accuracy in these respects is extremely difficult, for the phenomena that must be dealt with are extremely subtle and elusive.

This prognosis of the near future is therefore submitted to the readers of The Outlook with some hesitancy only for what it may be worth and because it has been asked for.

THREE SONGS OF CHILD LIFE

BY WILLIAM NORTHROP MORSE

I—PATTERNS

I love to lie upon my bed
  And make star patterns from the sky,—
  Triangles, rivers, and up high
A queen with jewels on her head!

Sometimes I count them one by one,—
  I got one night to sixty-seven;
  Then all the stars danced in the heaven,
And next,—in popped the morning sun!

II—THE PIANO

When mother's fingers dance upon the keys
I see bright butterflies among the trees;
  I see the rabbits jump along the path,
  And birdies in the sunlight take their bath.

When mother plays I hear the soft winds sing,
While yellow grasses start a-whispering;
  Or hear a cow far off, with tinkling bell,
  Or thrushes singing in their ferny dell.

III—VISITING GRANDPA AGAIN

Last year it seemed a very great long way
  To walk down to the yellow apple tree;
I ran 'way on into the woods to-day,—
  The orchard seemed a tiny walk for me!

Last year my grandpa went so far that I
  Would have to stay behind; but this day he
Said that he'd wait while I ran on;—now why
  Should he just wait beneath that apple tree?

CARRYING OUR BREAD-BASKET TO EUROPE

BY GEORGE F. WORTS

ON the Great Lakes, where a river of grain is flowing towards the hollow stomach of Europe, is nicely illustrated one meaning of that shop-worn term, the era of reconstruction. On the Great Lakes the war is not yet over; the last gun will not be fired for another year, anyway. With the opening of Germany, Austria, and the freed states there are more mouths to be fed than before; our enemies, so the foreign correspondents continue to inform us, are begging that our line of communication be transformed into a bread-line, with the queue forming on the left, in Germany.

Now this is the story of the men who are hurrying the wheat on its long and adventurous journey from our National bread-basket, but before beginning the story a few brief remarks ought to be made bearing upon Germany's attitude of the past and her attitude of the present towards that river of grain.

No doubt you remember reading newspaper accounts of the hilarity with which the "castle crowd" smote one another's Teutonic shoulder-blades when we gravely announced our intention of taking a hand in the war. They are the same gentry who are now casting such wistful and mournful glances at our fine Northwestern wheat-fields and our bursting granaries. They were thinking then of our line of communication, and could you blame them for laughing? From the bread-basket of our Northwest to the "tummies" of our warriors meant the longest line of communication ever established—about as long as eternity and about as crooked and as fat as a well-gorged python. And there were the U-boats to harass it.

To make sure that our sons and their European friends might have their bread daily meant carriage from the wheat farms to Lake Superior shipping points, down the

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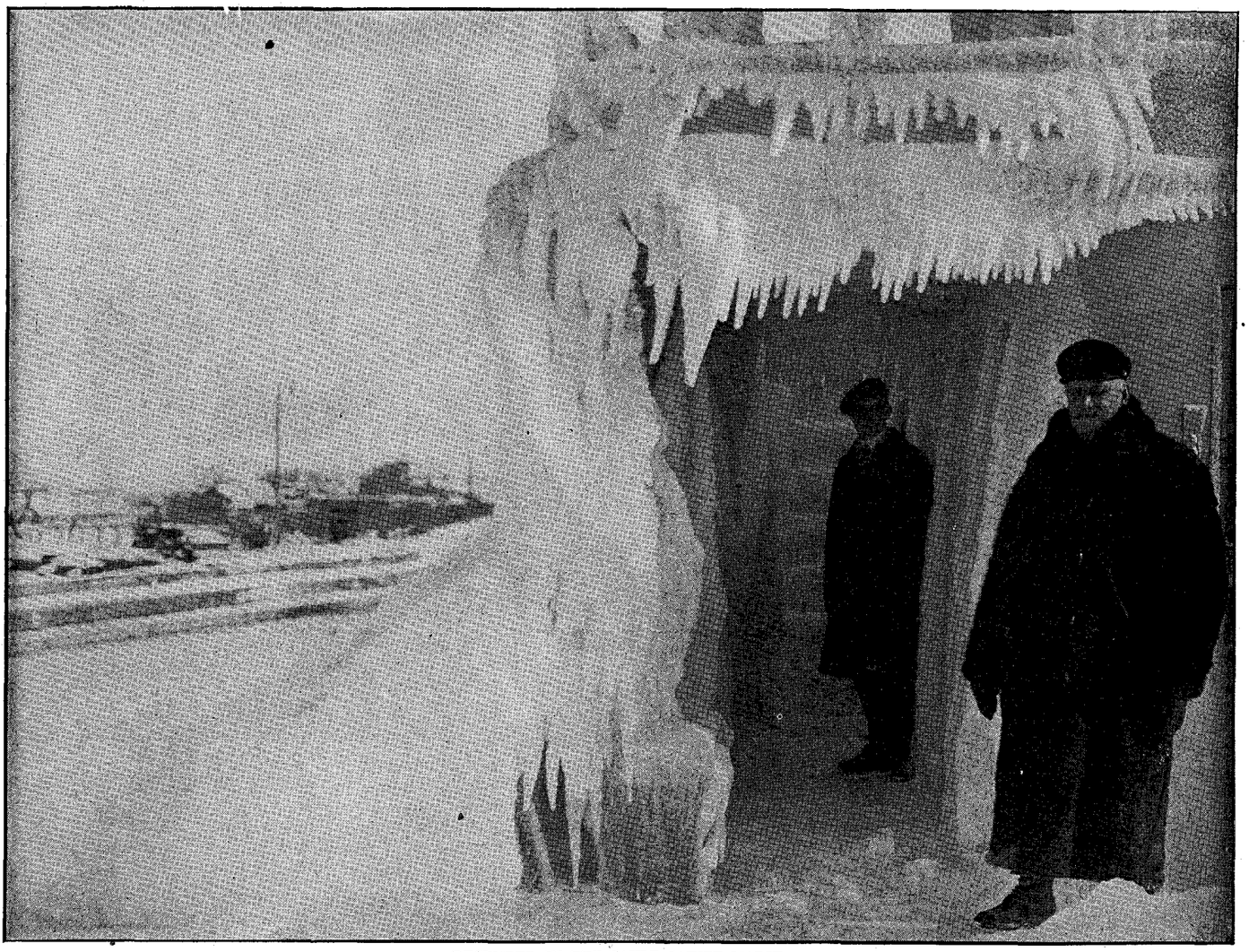

DECEMBER IN THE SAULT SAINTE MARIE

This ship (the Wissahickon, Captain Delaney, 5,000 tons) is crammed with flour, feed, and foodstuffs for overseas

Great Lakes to the Welland Canal, down the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from Cape Breton across the Atlantic to France and England—a round five thousand miles; to Italy, a round two thousand more. If the wheat was unloaded at Buffalo, shipped by rail to the seaboard, and placed aboard ships in Atlantic ports, it consumed about as much time. Much of it, to be sure, went direct in brand-new bottoms launched on the Great Lakes, and much of it is still going that way. As a matter of fact, wheat from our bread-basket is reaching Europe from the Great Lakes direct (without transshipment overland), not only in home-made tonnage, but in English, French, and neutral ships short enough to go through the Welland locks. Now there is talk of letting the Germans come in and carry away wheat in their own boats. Great Lakes ship-owners don't care much for the idea.

One of them said to me: "We have been trying, by building ships in our own yards and by speeding up generally, to free America of the competition of German bottoms. If wheat is to be carried to them at all, I think our own ships should carry it—at war freight rates."

The deeds of the salt-water heroes have been sung for four years; it is high time for the fresh-water mariner to pass under the spotlight. By showing more than his usual contempt for fogs and the little ice devils and by speeding up the loading and unloading machinery, thereby handling cargoes of all sorts more expeditiously than in the past, the fresh-water mariner has filled and is continuing to fill his obligations. He always had smashed records for rapid cargo handling, anyway, simply because in the beginning he placed the machinery, not on the ships, but on the docks. In Lake Erie ports, for example, there are electric Atlases which grasp and hoist into the air hundred-ton gondolas of coal from the railway tracks and toss their contents into the holds of freighters at the rate of a gondola every three minutes. At Duluth 435,000 bushels of wheat have been chuted into a cargo boat in two hours and forty minutes. In less than seven hours at the same port 10,074 tons' of Youghiogheny lump coal have been unloaded. At the other end of the lakes a cargo of 456,000 bushels of wheat has been unloaded in less than fourteen hours.

In Superior, Duluth, Fort Williams, and Port Arthur—the taps through which the grain of the Northwest flows—you can see elevators by the dozens along the water-fronts. Skinny iron spouts stick out over the wharfs, and when a ship is snaked alongside the spouts drop into the hatches and grain gushes forth until the holds are filled. Ordinarily it is a job of minutes. No need to wonder why Great Lakes cargo-handling methods have been copied in the unloading basins in France.

Salt-water sailors, inured to the drudgery of inboard cargo-handling machinery—clumsy wooden booms and steam tackle—generally are amazed at the whirlwind methods of their fresh-water brethren. The Cunard Line made a practice of shipping complete crews, from masters to porters, to man standardized ships built in lake yards. One of these crews was assigned to a 3,500-tonner lying at Ecorse, near Detroit, waiting to be outfitted. The Cunard Line captain was deeply impressed by the quantity and the size of the freighters steaming up and down the Detroit River in two endless lines.

The Snyder, one of the longest boats on the lakes, happened to pass Ecorse down-bound on the afternoon of his arrival. He gazed at her for a long while. "Isn't she enormous?" he remarked to an engine inspector who was near by. "What is her tonnage? Where is she bound?"

The inspector informed him that the Snyder was carrying about thirteen thousand tons of grain, probably to Buffalo. Five days later the captain, wearing a mystified expression, sought him again.

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"I say, how many ships by the same name are there on these lakes?"

The inspector enlightened him.

"But there goes another Snyder!" protested the captain.

"No; that's the same boat you saw a few days ago."

"But she's loaded!"

"Of course she is," agreed the inspector, in a disinterested voice. "Probably discharged that grain at Buffalo and had a cargo of coal dumped into her to bring back."

"Do you mean to say that that vessel carried thirteen thousand tons of grain to Buffalo, had it unloaded, was given thirteen thousand tons of coal, and returned here—all within five days?"

"Why not?" replied the indifferent inspector.

The captain refused to believe it. His friend was jesting. So he asked somebody else—the superintendent, I think—and got the same reply in the same laconic manner. When there was no possible room for doubt, he went from one member of his crew to another, pointed excitedly at the black flanks of the Snyder, then vanishing in a smoke screen, and addressed them individually as follows: "Do you see that ship? She passed this point five days ago with a thirteen-thousand-ton cargo of grain. She discharged it in Buffalo, New York, took on thirteen thousand tons of coal, and there she goes! In five days, man, in five *days!*" And each one of them firmly believed his captain to be a gay old liar.

From the point of view of the fresh-water sailor, the salt-water men often waste time unnecessarily. On the oceans, to be sure, sixty per cent of the year is not foggy, nor do ocean-going merchantmen generally have to reckon with closed seasons. Because of the fogs and the annual freeze-ups time has become the most precious thing on the lakes. That accounts for the highly efficient cargo-handling machines and the impatience of the fresh-water ship-owner over avoidable delays. The most fruitful spot for delays in the past has been Sault Sainte Marie, where the locks to lift and lower vessels from one lake level to another are situated. Before the new thousand-foot lock was built I have seen as many as forty ships waiting in line above and below. Fortunately the new lock was in operation before we went to war, and another lock of equal size will be opened some time during the 1919 season. It wastes $10 a minute to delay a loaded ship on the lakes, although that waste is unimportant when measured in terms of the hunger pangs suffered by Europe. Great Lakes owners simply won't tolerate delay, unless the excuse happens to be that pardonable one—fog.

Several seasons ago, before the war—in fact, before the Panama Canal Act was passed forbidding railways to own steamships—I was aboard one of the Pennsylvania Line boats when she steamed into Houghton, Michigan, with three hundred passengers, a cargo of flour, and a discontented crew. They were displeased with the mess, and when the ship docked every man in the crew walked off. Their spokesman demanded of the captain that the steward be put off the ship. Otherwise, not one of them would go back.

There was a long wrangle. Both sides refused to yield a point. Finally, the perplexed captain sent a long telegram to the vice-president of the line, in Buffalo. He outlined the situation graphically. He even mentioned what the spokesman of the crew had said, and what he had righteously retorted. He dwelt upon his anger and upon the grief and embarrassment of the steward. Meanwhile the deserters left town and scattered. Altogether, as I recall it, several hundred words went over the wires to Buffalo. The vice-president was a man of few words. His reply had the qualities of a whiplash: "Get that ship out of there!"

It was surprising how quickly that ship was got out of there! How it was done, how a new crew was gathered in almost no time, are of minor importance. The incident is related to bring the spotlight to bear upon the vice-president, whose name is J. C. Evans, and who, since the reorganization of the line by W. J. Conners, has become president. He is typical of the men who are speeding up the river of wheat.

Last fall, when the Great Lakes season of navigation closed and ships everywhere were being tucked away in harbors for their long bearlike nap until the following spring, Herbert Hoover, the Food Administrator, found that he needed thousands of tons more of flour, feed, and foodstuffs for Europe than had been delivered on the Lake Erie docks. So he got in touch with Conners and wanted to know if he wouldn't run his fleet until the middle of December.

Now that may sound like the easiest request in the world to say "Yes" to, but running ships after the close of navigation is one of the risks that prudent owners positively will not take. The insurance underwriters have reduced the December hazards to the third or fourth decimal place, and their records of December disasters reveal plainly why midnight of November 30, Chicago time, officially marks the close of lake navigation.

Along around the end of November ice-tipped winds begin keening down from the Hudson Bay country, and the annual freeze-up sets in, generally preceded by an interval of abysmal fog. The underwriters, however, will make a concession to responsible owners and lengthen the season fifteen days on bankrupting terms. The risk is so great that an owner must pay one per cent of the ship's value to insure her for the last five days, and it ordinarily costs him to insure for the entire open season of seven months and a half only about three per cent.

Generally the game isn't worth the candle. If a ship and her cargo are insured, say, for $500,000, the premium her owner must pay for those last five days of the extended period nearly consumes the freight he receives for carrying the cargo. There are operating costs in addition: fuel, food, wages plus bonuses, to say nothing of wear and tear.

Yes, Mr. Hoover was aware of all this; but did Mr. Conners and Mr. Evans realize how sorely France, England, and Italy were in need of flour, feed, and foodstuffs? In a word, wouldn't they be good fellows and send that fleet through the ice, anyhow? They said that they would certainly be glad to try.

Well, last winter, as everybody from Tampa to Skagway knows, was a terror. To keep the channels open at the Soo and other places, so that the grain, flour, feed, and foodstuffs could come through, the Government spent over $125,000. Car ferries were hired to do the job; and when a car ferry starts breaking ice the spectacle is worth dropping all work to watch. The side-wheelers go about it by steaming full tilt at a mass of ice. Their rounded bows slide upon it, whereupon the forward tanks are pumped full of water, and their weight crushes down the obstacle. Rudyard Kipling once intended to write a story about them, but somehow never got round to it. Other car ferries tackle ice by means of sturdy little bow propellers, the propeller shafts extending the length of the ship. The forward propellers churn up the water and "irritate" the ice until it gives way.

The Wissahickon, one of the last of the Hoover relief party to go South, plowed through pack-ice in the St. Mary's River, down the channel that had been gouged out for her, on December 15 with five thousand tons of flour, feed, and foodstuffs packed under her hatches, and nearly that much ice frozen to her decks, sides, and upper works. Blaze ice on either side of her was four feet thick, and all thermometers that had not frozen solid registered thirty below zero!

No ships were lost, although the poor old Buffalo, loaded deep with flour, ran foul of trouble in Lake St. Clair. Her big propeller somehow became entangled in the ice, and all four buckets were ripped off at the hub. As the buckets, or blades, of lake propellers are of solid steel, generally over six feet long and over a ton in weight, the pressure of that crowding, grinding ice-pack can be estimated. The cargo was unloaded at Detroit and speeded towards Europe by rail, and the Buffalo was frozen in all winter.

Simply because he took a long breath and said "Yes" to Herbert Hoover when it would have been much easier, simpler, and safer to have used the other threadbare little word, J. C. Evans has in a frame near his desk a grateful letter from the Food Administrator. Or, to put it in another fashion, by tacking those fifteen perilous days onto the end of the season our friends in Europe were thankful for 74,216 tons of flour and grain products and 775,200 bushels of wheat. Some one might have become dramatic, and cried, "Damn the little ice-devils—full speed ahead!" although there is no record of any one having paraphrased in any way Farragut's historic sentiment.

Those numerals seem rather bulky for

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such a quick job, but the stream of ore and grain and coal pouring through the locks at the Soo, when composed into seasonal figures, is enormous. Lake freighters are monsters, some of them carrying as much as sixteen thousand tons at a load, and they are locking up and down at few-minute intervals day and night all season long, except during the thickest fogs. Their combined tonnage, with the present estimated shortage of food, would supply Europe in one season with enough white bread to last her for fifteen years! Ninety million tons in a season—the most heroic figures dealt in by the Department of Commerce adding-machines!

Last spring, in spite of the most terrific winter they ever had up there, the locks were opened four days earlier than in the spring of 1917. During that April four tons of cargo went eastward through the Soo. But last April somebody got behind and pushed hard. Channels were bored open, ships in Lake Superior harbors were coaled and blowing off steam, cargoes were waiting for them in the elevators and in the bins. As a result, for April, 1918, are stacked these figures:

1,474,698 bushels of grain.
4,045,047 bushels of wheat.
136,436 tons of iron ore.

Nor can the heroism which those figures represent dwindle because the war is over. A little less ore may be shipped from the Superior iron ranges, a little less copper may be demanded of northern Michigan; but, now that we have undertaken to supply Europe with bread, ships and more ships are needed to bring down the wheat from the Nation's bread-basket. Not until the structural and food needs of Europe have been filled will the war be over on the Great Lakes. And not until that time comes will lake men face the problems which at present confront the Nation as a whole. They are lucky to have the opportunity to prepare leisurely.

Great Lakes ship-builders believe that they will continue production at war speed until the fall of 1919. Shipyards scattered all over the lakes will manufacture standardized ocean-going freighters until the Shipping Board calls a halt. Such a course will permit them to return gradually to before-the-war conditions. By the time orders stop coming for ocean tonnage they will have readjusted their yards for building lake boats.

The president of an upper lakes plant commented: "I believe that our contracts will last until November, 1919, and I expect to be allowed to complete the ships ordered. I presume that the same conditions apply to all vessel contractors on the Great Lakes. There is little reason to believe that the Shipping Board will give new contracts to the lake shipbuilders after the present programme is completed, because the ships we build are too small for certain trades on salt water. I understand that the number the Shipping Board has contracted for will be taken care of nicely by the demands for coastwise and short-run tonnage. I will possibly build a number of trawlers after finishing my contract with the Emergency Fleet Corporation. I might also build ships for Great Lakes business, although lake freights are very low in comparison with ocean rates."

Other lake ship-builders with whom I have talked expressed unwillingness to build ships for fresh water until materials and labor are cheaper. Several of them spoke of contracts with neutral shipowners of Norway, Sweden, Holland, and Spain. They say that Spain is anxious to put to sea again, realizing the tremendous advantages accruing to a maritime nation during the new era. Holland, Sweden, and Norway are suffering from gold inflation. All of them are anxious for profitable deflation. All of them are sorely in need of tonnage.

"Norway alone has deposited in New York banks $90,000,000 for the purchase of ships as soon as the Shipping Board removes the bridle," one lake ship-builder informed me. "We were building ships for the Norwegians before the Shipping Board commandeered our plants; we expect to begin building for them again as soon as we are released. Sweden began bidding for our output as soon as peace was in sight."

At present there are no idle carriers on the lakes. Every ship has been busy between fogs and freeze-ups carrying grain, flour, iron ore, pig iron, concentrates, lumber, and other necessities down the lakes, and carrying back hard and soft coal and all classes of merchandise. The breakwalls and creeks were raked clean. Wooden steamers in their dotage have been trumpeting up and down the lakes and rivers and canals with their hatches bulging.

Readjustment to peaceful conditions—when Europe's hollow stomach has been attended to—summons up a specter that lake men are already preparing to receive. Their only demand upon the world at large is that Germany is kept out. The men who are preparing to wage the forthcoming battle of the lakes for existence are the same men who have transformed them from terrific little oceans into endless conveyer belts, and who are now taking pains that Europe does not go hungry. The majority of them are representatives of that most interesting type of American millionaire, the man who has lifted himself by the bootstraps.

Tomlinson, of Duluth, for example, used to be Buffalo Bill's press agent and one of the Rough Riders. His body is dented with torture marks—souvenirs of an interview he once gave to a party of genuine wild Indians.

Richardson, of Cleveland, who celebrated his seventy-eighth birthday a few weeks ago, entered industry as a hardware salesman. When Richardson builds a ship, he supervises every rivet that goes into her. He has the reputation of knowing more about what is taking place on his ships every minute of the day than the men who sail them.

Conners, who risked his entire fleet last winter to help Hoover, and who will probably be called upon winter after winter until Europe rises from the table with her stomach well filled, started in business as a ferry-boat boy on the creeks of Buffalo. Buffalo creek ferries are little flat-bottomed scows, resembling the boat you used to fish from when you were a boy. Buffalo ferries are manned by ragamuffins behind sweeps which function after the principle of a fish's tail. Young Conners collected a nickel a trip often enough to buy another ferry-boat. That was his first fleet, the seed of his present ten or fifteen million dollar squadron of lake freighters.

Then there is Massey, of Superior, Wisconsin, one of the youngest shipping magnates on fresh water. Massey is an object-lesson to young men who want to succeed. I asked a Buffalo ship-owner to name the livest young man on the lakes, and without a moment's hesitation he came back with the name of Massey. So I took a ship to Duluth and looked him up.

What the war did to Massey and what Massey is going to do now that it is over typify the experiences and plans of many owners and builders. Massey, a little less than five years ago, was the captain of one of Tomlinson's ore-carriers. With a far-sighted eye on the future, he decided to quit the sailing game. He knew a man with money, borrowed some of it, bought a ship, took awful chances, cut the corners, and in a little while owned a fleet of five freighters. Later he branched out, interested other capital, erected a shipyard, and began building trawlers for an Atlantic fishing concern and Frederickstaat model cargo boats for Norway.

The first thing the Shipping Board did to him was to commandeer two of his five freighters. It ordered them to Toledo, cut them in half, towed them through the Welland Canal, riveted them together at Montreal, and consigned them to the war zone. About the time the trawlers were ready for the engines and the two Frederickstaats were well started the Emergency Fleet Corporation sent out a representative, who, after looking over the rotting pier and the swamp that Massey had transformed into a thriving shipyard, decided that work must be stopped at once on the two lucrative trawler contracts and that the two unfinished Frederickstaats must be turned over at a price which was pin-money compared with what the Norwegians would have been delighted to pay.

Ever since then Captain Massey has been turning out 3,500-tonners for the Emergency Fleet Corporation. He expects to finish his contracts with Mr. Schwab some time before Thanksgiving, 1919. Then he intends to build trawlers and, perhaps, lake boats. I was curious about 1920. Captain Massey replied that he was looking ahead only twelve months at a time.

"In some respects the future of the lakes isn't very bright," he said. "As soon as we are through supplying Europe with grain and steel we may be up against a stiff problem. It's too far away to be sized up now, but I think we'll squeeze

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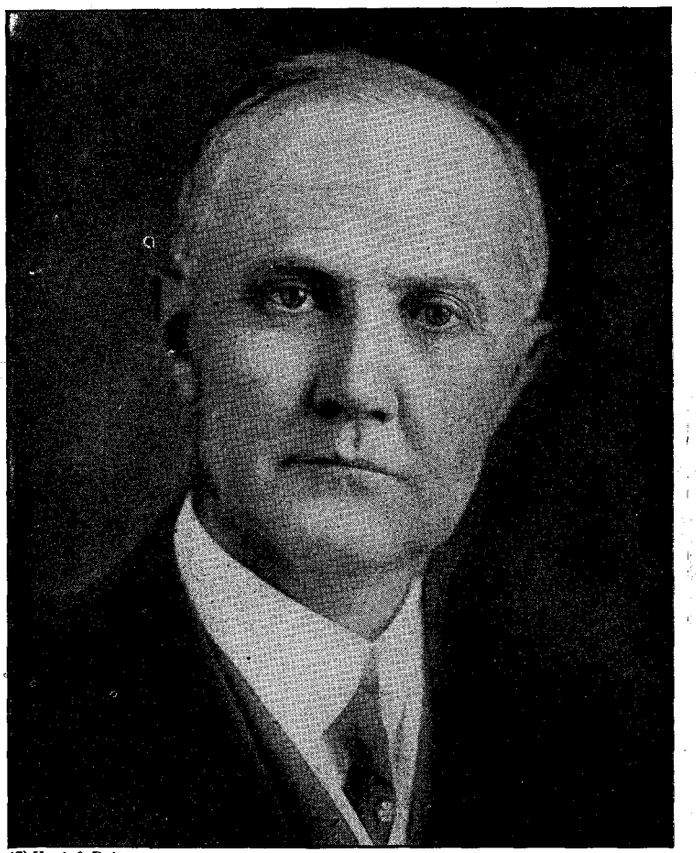
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

(C) Harris & Ewing

THE NEW HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES RAILWAY ADMINISTRATION

Mr. Walker D. Hines, who succeeds Secretary McAdoo as railway administrator for the United States, has had a long experience as an executive railway man. We comment on this appointment on another page



(C) Harris & Ewing

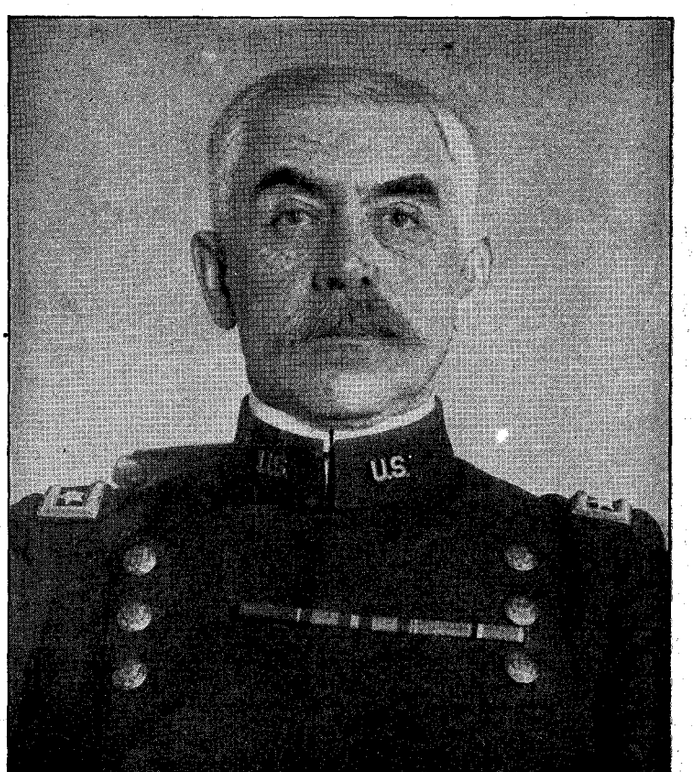
THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL RETIRES

The Hon. Thomas W. Gregory, who has been President Wilson's Attorney-General since August, 1914, has retired from the Cabinet. Like Secretary McAdoo, he believes that it is right that he should earn a larger income than that of a member of the Cabinet

(C) Western Newspaper Union

"THE ACE OF ACES"

Colonel William A. Bishop, of the Canadian Royal Flying Corps, has the unexampled record of having brought down seventy-two German airplanes. He has a long list of decorations from England, France, and Canada. And this includes the Victoria Cross, worn by very few airmen



(C) Western Newspaper Union

MAJOR-GENERAL THOMAS H. BARRY

General Barry succeeds the late Major-General Franklin Bell in command of the Eastern Department of the United States Army. General Barry has done fine service in training divisions in this country, was formerly in command of the Central Department, and studied the war on the fields of France

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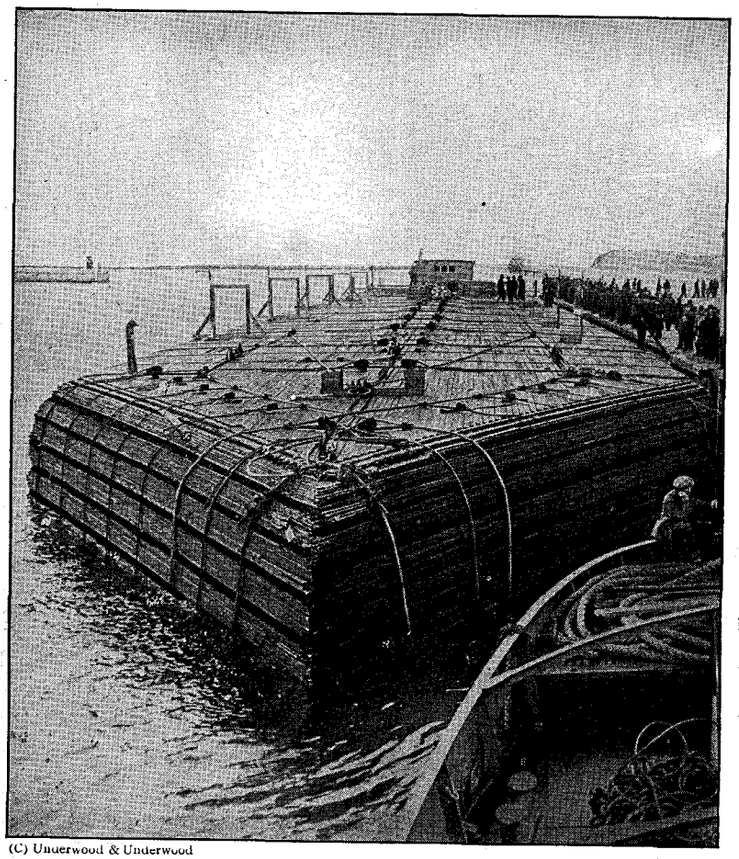
Press Illustrating Service

AT THE SIGN OF THE PRESIDENT

These two wounded soldiers are naturally interested in coming across this new Paris street sign in the Avenue du President Wilson, so named by the city of Paris in honor of America's part in the war



(C) Underwood & Underwood

A MAMMOTH LUMBER RAFT

It would take four big steamships to carry the wood in this raft. It was made in Finland and towed to this wharf in Copenhagen. It took six months to build. It is about 390 feet long and 60 feet wide

Underwood & Underwood

A GROTESQUE FESTIVITY

This is the way the natives of New Guinea celebrate the rise of the new moon. These natives were formerly under German rule; now they are under British rule

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Paul Thompson

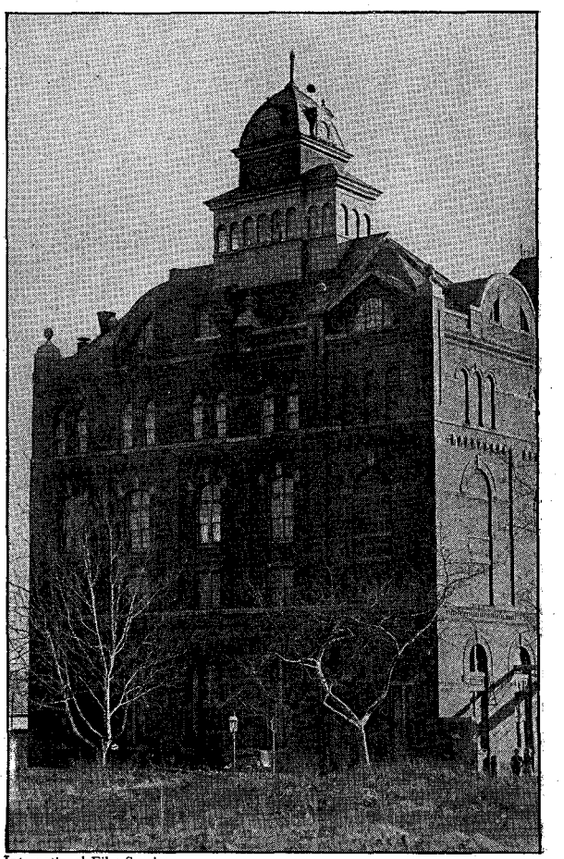
A RECLAMATION SERVICE

This odd collection shows one form of the work of the National League for Woman's Service. Discarded clothing, after being revamped, is sold to discharged soldiers and sailors at a nominal price. The articles contributed for public sale, like those above, furnish the funds

Paul Thompson

A REFORMED SALOON

If every saloon could be put to as good use as this one, which has been turned into a United Community Club where boys and men can enjoy themselves sensibly, the coming of prohibition would be all the more welcome. The Club is in Sixty-fourth Street, New York City



International Film Service

A REFORMED BREWERY

Here is another instance of a place once employed to produce "booze," now turned to a harmless and pleasant use. The big vats have been taken out, and in place of beer ice-cream is being manufactured on a large scale

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through. Somehow we always manage to squeeze through. I guess it's habit."

That reminded me of a story I had heard in Buffalo about a stubborn young engineer and the steamer Northwest. Charles A. Finnegan was a Great Lakes product too. They told him nobody could take the old Northwest down the Welland Canal, even if he did cut her in two. He couldn't possibly squeeze through the locks—too beamy. But the stubborn young engineer had her cut in half. He floated one of the halves through the locks, and then floated it all the way back to Buffalo again, just to show it could be done!

DRUDGERY AS A FINE ART

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

IT has been my gracious luck to live for a little space of peace near to a woman who loves drudgery, tossed up to her from the nearly shipwreck of heavy sickness. I was sailing after storm in a wide still sea, on and on, up to an island with a high portal. The great gate swung ajar—and then, after all, they would not let me through. But I had looked within. Nor I nor Lazarus shall tell what we saw, but I have come back crippled with strangeness. Life seems to me shelterless. My friends seem strangely busy about curious small matters. The sun is unfamiliar and I have forgotten the language of the rain. Mystery cries to me in the wind beyond the window. I perceive sun and rain, wind and snow. I see the long blue aisles, bleak with infinitude, where the white stars are swung, but I cannot feel at home.

But as the gentle weeks flow by me here, do they perhaps bring healing? Still half in dream, I watch the ways of little things. I think there is no occupation in this home that is not touched and tricked into an art. Exalt dish-washing to the plane of ceremony and see what happens. Even the initial movement merits the dignity of argument—whether it is better to scrape and stack in the dining-room or to transfer the clutter to the kitchen table before arrangement. The first method has the advantage of more immediate conciseness, but the latter prevents the flirting of gravy or egg on the table linen, with all the resultant upheaval in the napery sequence of the week.

There is health and healing in dish-washing when it moves to a cheery little ritual all its own. Let the kitchen table be covered with oilcloth white as milk and satiny as a mirror. Arrange all first with symmetry—plates in a pyramid in which no several platter shall be out of plumb in the mounting structure, and match the silver, teaspoon to teaspoon, fork to fork, thus both before and after washing. Put all the little pitchers in a company, and the glasses, and the cups. Have all dishes scraped and rinsed to the uttermost before the final rite of baptism, then leave them thus, for in the ethics of dish-washing the law is pans first. There is deep wisdom in attacking griddle and frying-pan with your first soapsuds and your freshest energy, and keeping the tempting glassware and silver as the dessert of your efforts.

After the sturdy stress of cleansing the cook-pans, the mere dishes are a more easeful encounter. Gently my friend washes and wipes, polishes, and puts away cup and glass, pot and kettle; for are they not all her comrades, genial with service? Perhaps she is not overswift, this kitchen poet amid her soapsuds. I surmise an objection, staccato-sharp: Why should she linger over dish-washing? Why doesn't she get done? I fear the objector is some terrifying feminist, too logical for argument, whereas the housewife I picture is merely a woman looking sharp to see what is the ultimately worth while. That god Get-Done is a terrible slave-driver. Why do you wish to get done, except to do nothing or to to do something else? But why nothing? And the something else—are you quite sure it makes you or any one a whit happier than it does to make a cheerful suds of your dish-water and sing a song of joy to it?

My friend might be a bed-maker to a king. There is no day when the deepest secrets of mattresses and springs are not laid bare to air and sun. Pads and pillows can never grow lumpy when so deftly kneaded, nor sheets so tight-drawn crumple. The final result is a big white cake with pillows and bolster as embossments of frosting. But never tell her the bed is too beautiful to lie upon if you do not wish to merit her scorn. Here is not a home, she would have you know, where a bed is better than its occupant; if her beds are daintily dealt with, it is to make them the gentler to feet that are tired and backs that are cricked. In her house things have not the mastery; it is as ministers that she loves them. She may delight in mending, but if her needle weaves a fairy pattern on your stocking toe kindly remember that it is to make your steps the smoother. All things that hands can do she loves. I do not suppose that she would deliberately punch you in order afterwards to poultice, but if an icy pavement should rise up and batter you down she would take as deep comfort as you in her liniments and her rubbing; and if you should come to her snuffling and a-fevered she would have a masterful delight in drubbing all germs out of your system.

Of all home-making arts, surely cooking should be the most enjoyable, and with my friend it is. Cooking affords such scope for invention, imagination, creation—in a word, for personality. A cook and her material are in direct and stimulating relation. You can imagine nothing more a revelation of personality than mashed potato, passing, as it may, all the way from a sodden indigestibility, gray and chill and salty, to a creamy fluff of succulence upon the palate. My friend casts herself into her cook-pot in an abandon of creation, and miracles result. Your tomato hardly recognizes himself for a mere vegetable, so delicately is he transformed into jelly and scallop and chutney. Her biscuits respond to her watching as if they were blossoms that must expand. Her omelets, méringues, soufflés, are light as foam. Her marmalades have an amber beauty; and they should have, for has she not listened for the ripe gurgle from that syrupy mass a-boil as alertly as if it were the murmur from a cradle? It is in the study of flavoring that she chiefly excels. She is one who weighs the value of a hint, one of the rare women who may be trusted with garlic. In her house I pity those stupid people who keep a kitchen door shut, not recognizing a kitchen as a magician's workshop. What nose would shut a door on mustard pickle and currant gingerbread?

In this kitchen I garner many a household hint tossed to me as my friend brews or bakes, scours or sews. Nothing goes to waste from her soup-kettle or bread-box or work-basket. I watch her make a glory of cleaning the refrigerator, I observe all the useful devices she can compass with a clothespin, and I wonder which she more enjoys routing, the great devil Dirt or the great devil Waste. She has minutest methods of saving money, saving mess. I do not think she has one for saving time. To take more thought how you shall spend your time than how you shall save it implies a different sense of values in her science of home-making; this is a home without hurry.

Here I am learning the loveliness of littleness. Such small things delight this housewife! A glass of currant jelly in the window; the god Sun deigns to look through it, and it's a great globed jewel. A tulip bed shaped by angel fingers to be a pulsing flame; seen from the kitchen doorstep it is a thing to make her clap her hands. The lid lifted from the kitchen range on some cloud-banked morning reveals such palpitant fire-sprites as quicken one's breath with wonder. Jelly and tulips and kitchen fire are mysteries turned tame and tender in her eyes, mysteries that help to make a home, and do not frighten. My friend's hands, busy with many devices seeming small, are they not achieving a shelter and a sanctuary in the midst of the engulfing strangeness of this big universe? I half guess she is manipulating me as deftly as if I were bread or blossom. I sip peace in her presence, and am as trustful in her hands as if I were a biscuit or a begonia.

Setting me briskly to polishing her teaspoons, has she perhaps succeeded in polishing a forgotten twinkle into my eyes? Gazing through her sunny window-

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panes, I no longer see a world hostile with mystery. Look, isn't a friendly universe cheerily making a home for me, so that I may be cleaned and fed and warmed by the best sanitary methods? See the busy brown fingers of the rain all sudsy with scouring out the gutters, and in the winter watch the tossing white brooms of the snow dusting off the air, and then in spring's big kitchen look at the sun, Phœbus Apollo in a chef's cap, doing my cherries to just the right turn. Rain, snow, and sun, doing the world's drudgery with the same high zest as that with which my friend does it, and with the same high purpose of welcome to the stranger, she and they have restored me from sickness; at last I feel at home.

NOT AS HARD

BY LADD PLUMLEY

IN a big city you know little about the folks who sell you things in the stores. My wife and I live in the Bronx, and even in that somewhat suburban region if our baker should elope with our butcher's wife I doubt whether we should hear of it. So the old man who sells us oysters and fish was simply "our fishman," and his little shop a place where you bought the freshest of sea-bass and the saltest of Cape cods.

Frequently my wife does the marketing, and one day she mentioned that the "fishman's splendid son," as she called the handsome young fellow who helped in the little store, had volunteered into a militia regiment. She said that her dressmaker had told her that his father and he were disappointed when he was not drafted, and so he volunteered. Even yet I do not know the dealer by name, for there is no sign over his door but "Oysters and Fish;" though before the father was left alone no one who was ever there could have failed to know the son's name. It was, "Jonathan will open your oysters;" or, "Johnny boy, please clean this fish." And always a merry whistle would cease; and a cheerful voice would reply, "Sure thing, pop," or, "Right on the job, daddy boy." And no one who waited for even three minutes could fail to know the chumminess between the old man and his young son. With others the fishman was niggardly in speech, but with Jonathan it was constant loving garrulity. The father was little, gray, shriveled, and lame, perhaps from rheumatism; the son, even in his apron, was an American Apollo. A young man of twenty-three, big of frame, clean-cut in feature, with those clear, deep gray eyes that you sometimes find in the seafaring men of the coast cities of New England.

The next time that I purchased some oysters the shop was dismally quiet, and there hung on the wall a small one-star service flag. I noticed that above the flag was an old-time rifle, clumsy as compared with modern arms.

"My wife tells me your son has volunteered," I remarked, for the fishman said nothing, and the silence was oppressive.

As I have said, the old man is reticent with customers, and I expected almost nothing in the way of reply. He was about to crack an oyster, and for a moment the iron remained poised. "Jonathan knows his duty to his country, sir," came quietly, and the iron descended, and, I thought, with more than usual force.

Later, when again the fishman was opening oysters for me, and I was again reminded by the silence and by the little flag of the vanished Jonathan, I asked, "Is your son in active duty yet?"

"Jonathan is at the front in France, sir," came the reply, and the shell-crashing went on, several quick blows before I could ask, "That gun on the wall?" I suspected that it was an old sporting piece, placed there to give a hint of soldierly equipment.

There was no reply until my oysters had been opened, placed amid cracked ice on a wooden tray, and tied into a package, the latter with much difficulty, because of aged and trembling fingers.

"My elder brother's Springfield. Killed at Shiloh, sir."

"And might I ask how it happened that the rifle was found and came into your possession?"

When remembrances of war are recalled, veterans are supposed to draw themselves up into a soldier's attitude; but my fishman only stooped still more as he poised the tray carefully and handed it to me. "Drummer boy, sir," he replied. "Sixteen. Ran away from school. As he fell Jonathan's uncle handed me the rifle. After that I used it myself."

Except for nephews who are in khaki, my immediate family boasts nothing of war but ancestor military traditions. I looked upon my fishman with new interest, and I recalled that he was lame. Was it really rheumatism or the result of a wound received on one of those time-dimmed battle-grounds? I asked.

"Served a gun at Stone River," he replied. "Shell splinter. And, sir, if Jonathan were here, he'd warn you that you'll spill the flavor of your oysters. Carry the tray in this way."

That is all I know of the activities of my fishman in two of the most bloody battles that the world has ever seen, taking into account the number of combatants, and during the most bitter and most stubbornly contested civil war of history. But I know that the father's tongue was active when in Jonathan's company, and the son must have heard much concerning a soldier's life. And I think that if I were a young man whose father at sixteen had fought at Shiloh, who had had an uncle who was killed on that battlefield, and had been familiar with the old Springfield from infancy, I would have volunteered; indeed, could have done nothing else.

It so happened that my wife and I spent the spring and early summer in the South, and we did not return until the more lengthy lists of the names of our dead heroes honored the papers. I think it was in the second week after we were back that I was instructed to stop on my way home and buy what seemed the freshest of pan fish. And so intent was I in my selection, for I was in haste, that I forgot Jonathan, was not conscious of the gloom of the shop, and even failed to observe that a change had taken place in the little flag on the wall.

"Take the butter-fish," advised the fishman, as I hesitated. "They came up from Fulton Market this morning."

He wrapped up the fish, and as I took the package I became aware of a terrible change in the wrinkled face. Before it had been a sad face, now it was a face of indescribable grief. Instinctively my eyes glanced away and sought the wall. And in the little flag a gilt star had taken the place of the white, and above the flag was a small photograph of a magnificent young soldier in khaki and a broad hat, and around the picture was a border of black.

For a moment I could not speak; this was the first time that the war had thrust itself so vividly into my consciousness. And the war had for life separated the old man from Jonathan. At length, my throat troubling me a good deal, I managed to blurt out, "You have my deepest sympathy."

This time my fishman straightened himself, throwing his head back proudly; any one could have perceived his military training. But his voice trembled so that I had difficulty in understanding his reply, "Thank you, sir."

"Might I dare ask—your only son?"

"Yes, sir," came huskily, although his eye flashed. "I married very late in life. Jonathan's mother died when he was a baby."

"It is so terribly hard for you," I managed to choke, and I would have given a good deal to be out in the street and away from Jonathan's father.

Except for the rattle of cars on the avenue the shop was very quiet for what seemed a long time, and memory brought to my ears a cheery voice calling out, "Right on the job, pop." Then came the trembling reply of the old man:

"Hard, sir? Yes. But not as hard, sir, as if Jonathan had not gone!"

I left him in his rigid position behind his counter. If I were a painter, I could wish as a theme for a picture nothing more symbolic of the spirit of our Nation in this strife than the little shop, the rifle, the photograph, the gilt-starred emblem, and my fishman as the guard of honor.

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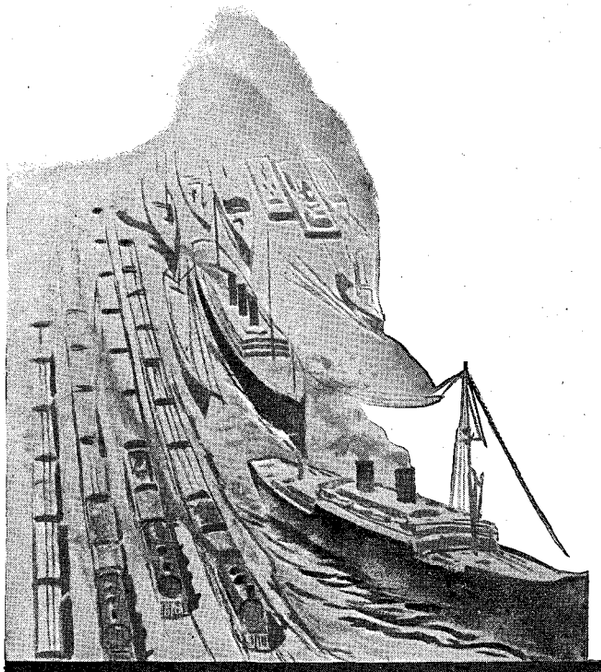

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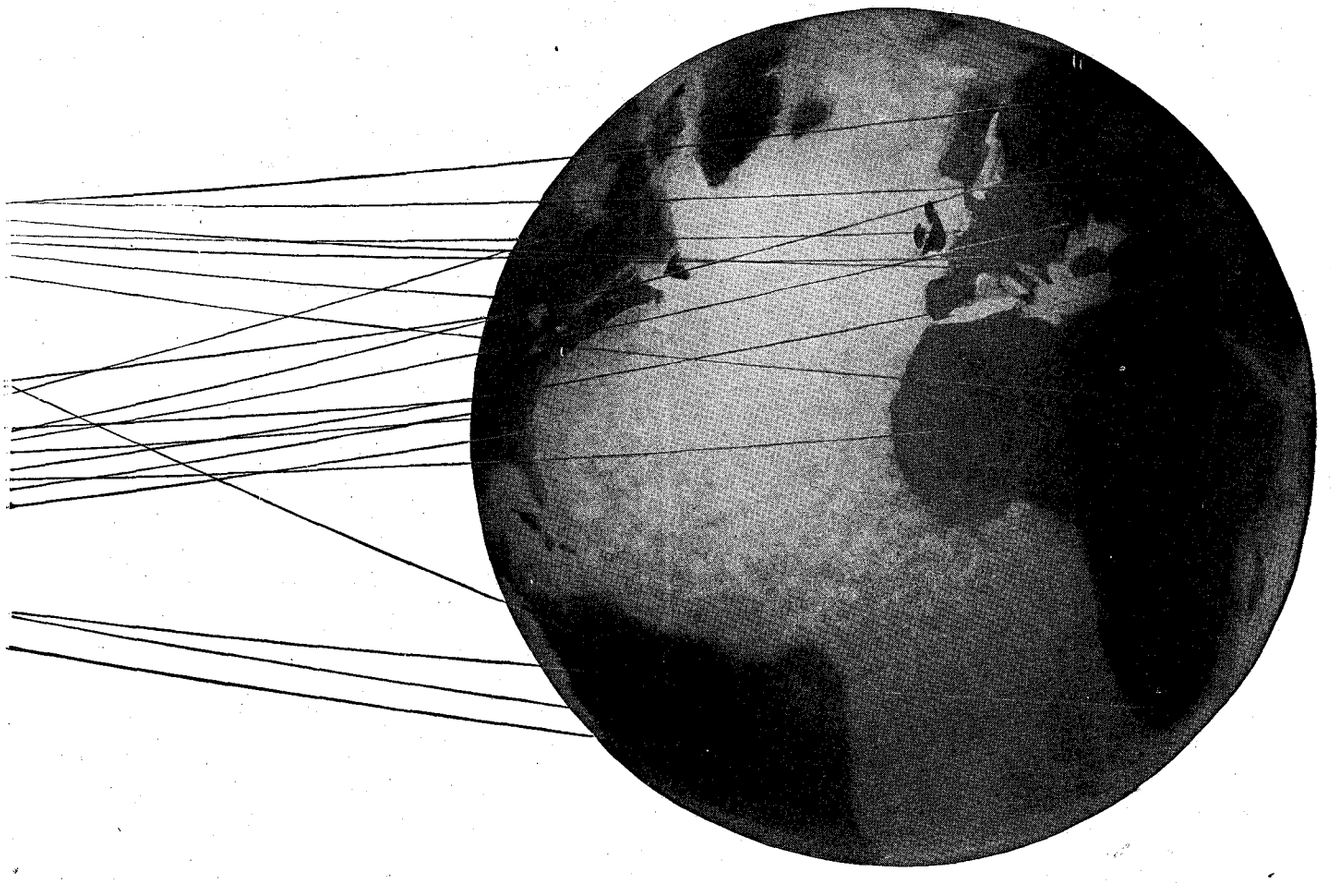

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of January 22, 1919

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Revolutionists Fight Socialists; Waiting for the Verdict.

Reference: Pages 136; 139, 140.

Questions:

1. Whence the name "Spartacans"? What are their beliefs and objects? Are they to be considered in the same class as the Russian Bolsheviki? 2. Discuss what difference it makes to the Allies whether order is restored in Germany. The Outlook says "order must be restored in Germany." 3. Give several reasons why Germany should undergo political regeneration. 4. The Outlook believes that Socialism and Bolshevism are two utterly different things. Give reasons for believing that this is so. 5. Discuss whether The Outlook reasons wisely and soundly in urging that while we wait for the verdict of the Allied nations leaders of public opinion in America "should speak by the press, the platform, and the pulpit." 6. Name several subjects which you think our public leaders should discuss while the Peace Conference is in session, and tell what you believe should be said about these questions. 7. Do you agree with The Outlook in what it says about Germany and Russia on pages 139, 140? Reasons. 8. Read "The Future Belongs to the People," by Karl Liebknecht (Macmillan). A good book to own.

B. Topic: German Africa and the Peace Conference.

Reference: Pages 146–148, 153.

Questions:

Note—While reading this article consult the map on page 147 frequently. 1. Name and locate the German colonies in Africa in 1914. How did Germany come into possession of these? 2. What, according to Mrs. Perrine, were Germany's future plans for Africa? What objects had Germany in thus planning Africa's future? 3. Make several comparisons between Great Britain's and Germany's methods, spirit, and objects in colonizing. 4. Give reasons why Germany has never been successful in her colonizing efforts. 5. Give arguments why the Allies should or should not return Germany's colonies to her. 6. If they are not to be returned, what should be done with them? Reasons. 7. What nations now own colonies in Africa? Give a brief account of the activities of each of these nations in Africa. 8. Discuss at length: "The happiness of our children depends much upon the new map of Africa." 9. Read two powerfully interesting and very valuable books: "The New Map of Africa," by H. A. Gibbons (Century), and "The Last Frontier," by E. A. Powell (Scribner's).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: Mr. Roosevelt's Funeral, Many-sidedness, Last Message.

Reference: Pages 133, 134.

Questions:

1. Tell what things impressed you forcibly as you read about Mr. Roosevelt's funeral. Do you think this funeral service should have been open to the public? Reasons. 2. The Outlook reprints eight brief eulogies of Mr. Roosevelt. From Mr. Roosevelt's life and public record supply the proof of what these men say about him. 3. A summary of Mr. Roosevelt's last message is given on page 134. Give reasons why he thought soundly as he wrote this message. 4. What, in your opinion, was Mr. Roosevelt's conception of the Presidency? Discuss. 5. Discuss the value of Mr. Roosevelt's services in bringing about a reformation in business morality during his Administration. 6. Make an estimate of his services in arousing America to a realization of the moral issues in this war. 7. You ought to read "Theodore Roosevelt—An Autobiography" (Macmillan); "A Boys' Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by Hermann Hagedorn (Harpers); "The Great Adventure," by Theodore Roosevelt (Scribners).

B. Topic: The Conditions of Success.

Reference: Pages 142–144.

Questions:

1. Who, according to Mr. Roosevelt, is the successful man? Tell what you think of Mr. Roosevelt's position in this matter. 2. Make a summary of the conditions of success as described by Mr. Roosevelt. 3. On page 143 we find these statements: (*a*) "The things that are important are the rather commonplace . . . virtues;" (*b*) "The great crisis must come, or no man has the chance to develop great qualities." Write about three hundred words on each of these statements made by Mr. Roosevelt. 4. Buy and *study* "America and the World War" and "The Roosevelt Book," both by Mr. Roosevelt (both published by Scribners).

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. History shows that coercion of opinion is a mistake. 2. No nation can live unto itself.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for January 22, 1919. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Procrastination, predatory, heterogeneous (139); psychology, concessionaires (148); liturgy, constituencies (133); success, subtlety (143).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

FIVE SONGS

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

I—TO A LADY WITH NEURALGIA

I wish that in the Book of Words
Were winged syllables like birds
That on occasion one might send
To fly all day about a friend;

With many a drowsy, singing sound
To fly around and yet around,
And with bright warding wings all day
To keep the gnomes of pain away.

II—"GOING ON FIVE"

A little like a rabbit,
A little like a bird,
A humming-bird, a butterfly,
Oh, very like a butterfly,
A fay, a fawn, a squirrel, shy,
Gay, boisterous, absurd!

A little like a rainbow,
A little like the rain
That wakes the green in withered sod,
A little like the hand of God,
Oh, very like the hand of God
Upon a heart in pain.

III—HOME ALONE

You've been away all day.
(And it's ten years we're married!)
You've been away all day.
It's queer how dull and gray
A spot seems where a ray
Of golden light has tarried!
You've been away all day . . .
(And it's ten years we're married!)

IV—THE GROUCH

When I am sick to reeling
Of wars and words and wails,
I look to my hands for healing
And pick up a hammer and nails.

And doubts and mocking laughters,
And dreams, gone wrong, and hates,
I hammer into high rafters
And bury in two-by-eights.

V—A SONG OF SWEET DREAMS

Now may good dreams step one by one
Out of the twilight, olive-gray,
And lift you up on their shoulders
And carry you far away.

And lay you down on some green height
Where there are birds, and all night long
Kneel in the grass beside you
And bathe your soul with song.

And kiss your ears and kiss your eyes
And kiss each tired and roughened hand;
And tease your heart with beauty
Like sprites from fairyland.

Some people are abnormally sensitive about having their portraits made, either by photography or the brush. Not all of these are as successful in avoiding the artist as was Joseph Bramah, an English inventor of the last century. He never sat for an artist; but his portrait was included in a large engraving called "Eminent Men of the years 1807–1808." When this engraving is examined, however, according to a recent book on mechanical inventions, it is found that Bramah appears *with his back to the beholder!* The explanation is given that a relative supplied the engraver with a description of the inventor's figure and appearance.

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UNTIL recently many people figured that they could not afford a fine car. But they figured on a first-cost basis, wholly; which world events have proved is a mistake; it is the *result* that counts—not first cost.

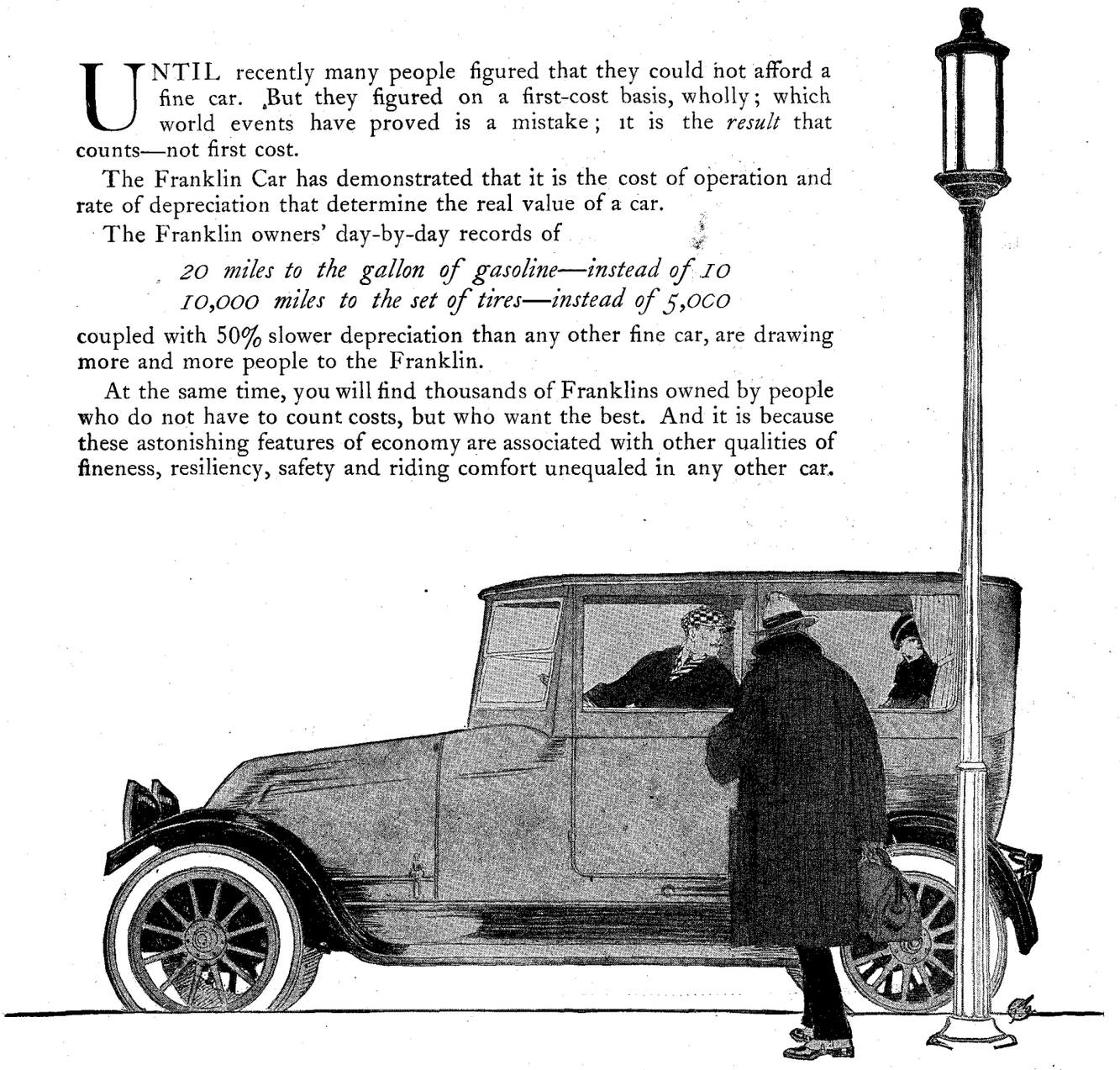
The Franklin Car has demonstrated that it is the cost of operation and rate of depreciation that determine the real value of a car.

The Franklin owners' day-by-day records of

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000

coupled with 50% slower depreciation than any other fine car, are drawing more and more people to the Franklin.

At the same time, you will find thousands of Franklins owned by people who do not have to count costs, but who want the best. And it is because these astonishing features of economy are associated with other qualities of fineness, resiliency, safety and riding comfort unequaled in any other car.



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An Inventor and Explosive Expert of International Fame Writes:

"It came over me the other day on a long ride to Boston and return, that this Franklin car of mine was a pretty good job, and that it was up to me to see that the man responsible for it did not go uncredited.

"The car was bought new the first of May, 1916. Since that time it has run 23,300 miles. It has never broken anything; the valves have never been ground, and it runs today just a little better than it did when new. The set of front tires which came with the car was taken off after running 20,000 miles, and was sold. I grew tired of waiting for them to wear out. The rear tires ran 14,000 to 15,000 miles."

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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A letter from **THEODORE ROOSEVELT**

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Feb 12th 1919

Dear Charley,

Of the various books written of me this is the one I hope my grandchildren will accept as giving the real motive and purpose of my career. You are over-partial to me, old friend; but you have sketched the ideal to which, with many, many failings and shortcomings on my part, I have yet tried to be true. I am very proud of what you say in this book, and very thankful to you for having written it.

Faithfully yours

Theodore Roosevelt

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THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

BY THE WAY

Last week we spoke of the Orion-O'Ryan punning device, used by the Twenty-seventh Division. Here is another. The Fourth Division has on its badge something which looks suspiciously like a shamrock, but is said to be an ivy leaf. See? Ivy = IV = Four.

Other division badges are amusing or puzzling. Thus the Thirty-fifth Division has a yellow and tailless wildcat, for it is the Wildcat Division. If you don't know what the letters AA mean, remember that the Eighty-second Division is "All American." Few would fail to gather that DD means "Dixey Division." It is going to be (in fact, it already is) an interesting thing, as returning troops fill the streets, to identify and interpret the meaning of the many varieties of badges, ribbons, medals, and cords displayed.

A correspondent sends us this story of the late Rev. Joseph Twichell, of Hartford: Years ago it was the rule at Smith College to allow none of the students to use the ice and the snow for coasting without presenting written permission from parents or guardians. Joseph Twichell's daughter was taking a course at Smith, and, like the rest of the wide-awake girls, wanted to coast. She wrote her father for the necessary credential. Whereupon Dr. Twichell took a postal card and wrote:

"My dear Daughter:
Slide!
JOE TWICHELL."

There have been many clever definitions of the difference of opinion between an optimist and a pessimist. A new one is that of Don Marquis in the New York "Evening Sun's" "Sun Dial:" "An optimist looks at an oyster and expects a pearl. A pessimist looks at an oyster and expects ptomaine poisoning."

"Punch" is fond of quoting the odd English of the "babu" of India. A certain babu hospital asssitant was told to make a chart of a patient's condition. He made it as follows:

8 A.M. The patient's life in low degree.
10 A.M. Life in sink.
11 A.M. Flit.
1 P.M. Flut.

What must be the state of mind of a father who names his son Ananias, even if he spells it "Annanaias"? The story is told that Mr. Roosevelt once showed a friend a gravestone in a churchyard at Oyster Bay which bore this inscription: "Here Lies Ye Body of Annanaias Doughty, who died in 1751." "The first member of the Ananias Club," observed the friend, "but doesn't it strike you that the 'Here Lies' is superfluous?"

We have known of commuters to New York from Lakewood, and even from Philadelphia, but Mr. Bonar Law does something very much like commuting by airplane from London to the Paris Conference. It is said that he hasn't crossed the Channel by water since the war began, although he has visited France many times.

Secretary Baker tells an amusing story about commuting. A French soldier told one of our doughboys out near the fighting line that his own family lived in a little house only a few miles from the trenches, and that he had visited them once or twice a week ever since the war began. "Hey, Bud-

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By the Way (Continued)

die," called out the doughboy to a friend, "here's a guy who commutes to the war!"

Talk about colloquial expressions! A New York paper thinks that the following is a dignified way to begin an article about the American Ambassador to Italy, apropos of the visit to Rome of President Wilson:

> The welcome mat is out at the American Embassy in Rome. Mine Host Thomas Nelson Page wears that smile that won't come off. Enough holiday spaghetti is being consumed to wrap up the earth like an old cord ball. Italy's temperamental 'Tonies and Tommassos and Tinas are cheering themselves hoarse. For why? Because the great President of the Stati Uniti has come to hold out the hand of fellowship, of brotherhood to Italia. God save the day!
>
> By all of which it may be gathered Ambassador Page is a busy bird these days. He is doing his best to see that his boss has a good time. Ambassador Page was trained in the art of hospitality in old Virginia. 'Nuff said.

Mr. William D. Murray, of Plainfield' New Jersey, sends us this characteristic story of Mr. Roosevelt in his early days: "I had the good fortune to be in the same class in Columbia College Law School in New York with Theodore Roosevelt. It was back in 1881, when the school was housed in an old dwelling in Great Jones Street. Roosevelt had been graduated from Harvard in 1880, and I had come from the same class at New Haven. Part of our training was to conduct moot courts—make-believe trials. That prince of teachers, Theodore W. Dwight, presided. The other day I thought I would look back in my old diary to see if I had made any mention of Roosevelt when he was as yet unknown. I was greatly interested, therefore, to run across this entry, written on January 28, 1881: 'I had my first moot court case and won it. There were three others on my side. Theo. Roosevelt made the best argument, as he hit the exact point.' How characteristic of him to 'hit the exact point'!"

The "Illustrirte Zeitung," of Leipsic, Germany, has suffered a sea change of sentiment, according to the London "Sphere." During the war, the "Sphere" says, the "Zeitung" held up its head with wonderful zest. "No newspaper was so lavish in its expenditure, and it cannot have been a commercial proposition. No journal in England has produced such solid and apparently prosperous issues weekly. Now we have a number of quite different character. 'Hold fast, or you will go under' is the motto on its cover. . . . Probably in the whole history of journalism there was never anything quite as abject as this" issue, the "Sphere" concludes.

The boat, says a sardonic paragrapher, drifted out on the sunlit sea. The man and the maiden were silent and a little sad. His leave was ended; the time for parting had come. "Dearest," he breathed, softly, "will you float with me always—down the stream of life?" "The same as now?" she whispered. "The same as now," said he. "I will, gladly!" she cried. He was rowing, doing all the hard work; she had the helm—she steered.

The present year is notable for its centenary anniversary of American writers: Poe, Whittier, Whitman, Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne were all born in the year 1819. So were Julia Ward Howe and Susan Warner, author of "The Wide, Wide World."

Business Speaks a new language

During reconstruction, and after, we shall hear more than ever before of coöperation among manufacturers—of standardization and elimination of the wastes of blind competition.

The war made it obvious that these are things business must consider—and do.

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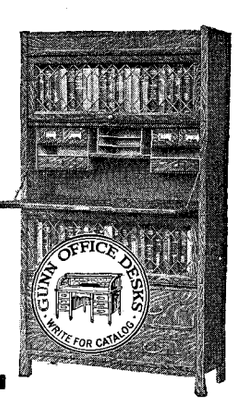

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It affords all the comforts of home without extravagance.

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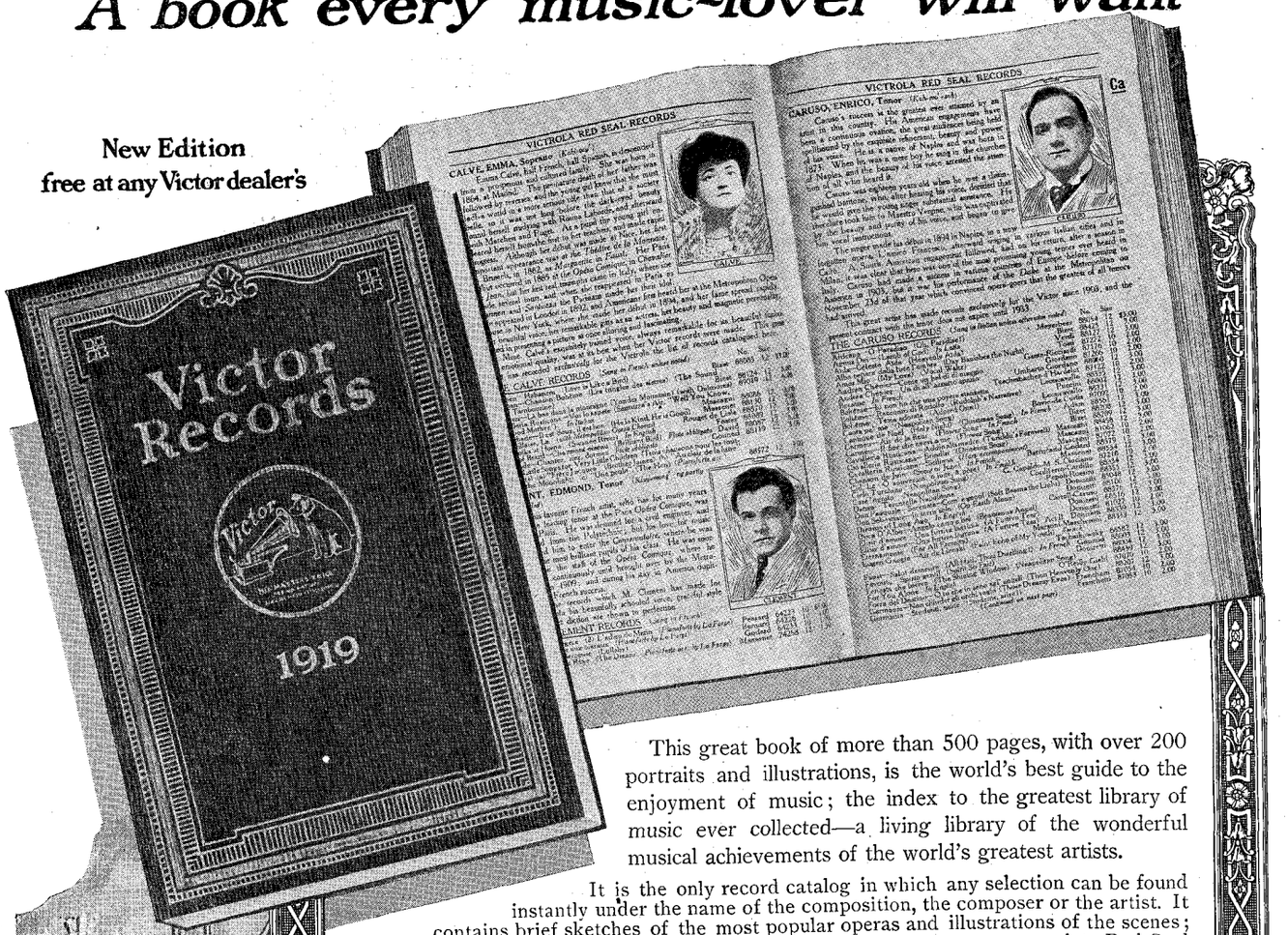

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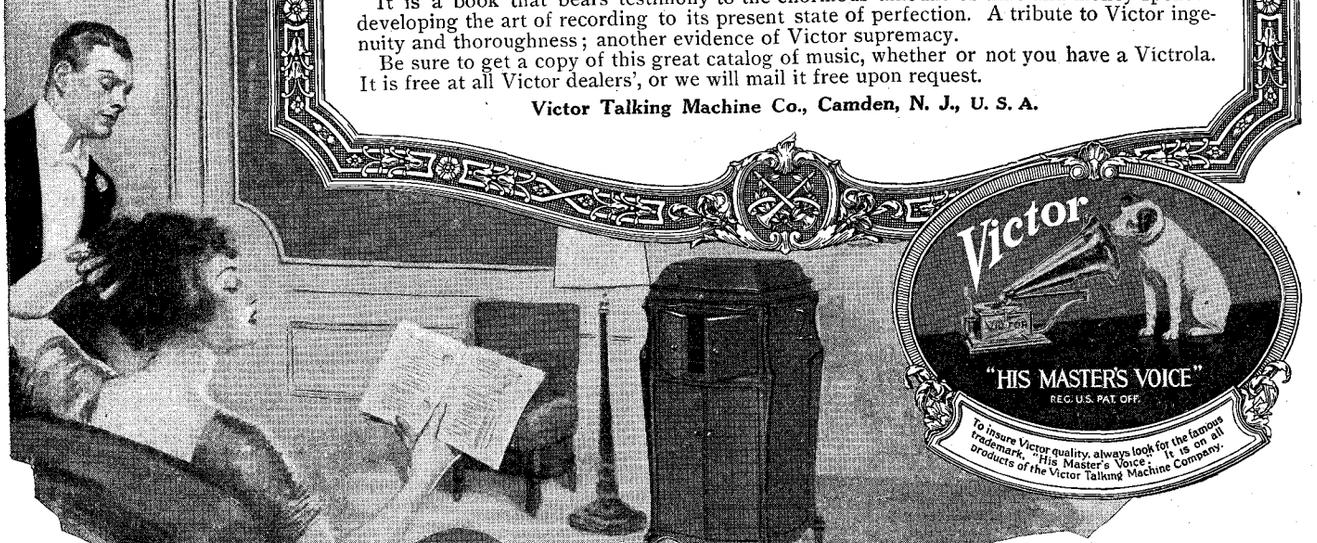
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